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A FEW REMEMBRANCES
OF
TWO LITTLE SISTERS
WHO WENT TOGETHER TO HEAVEN

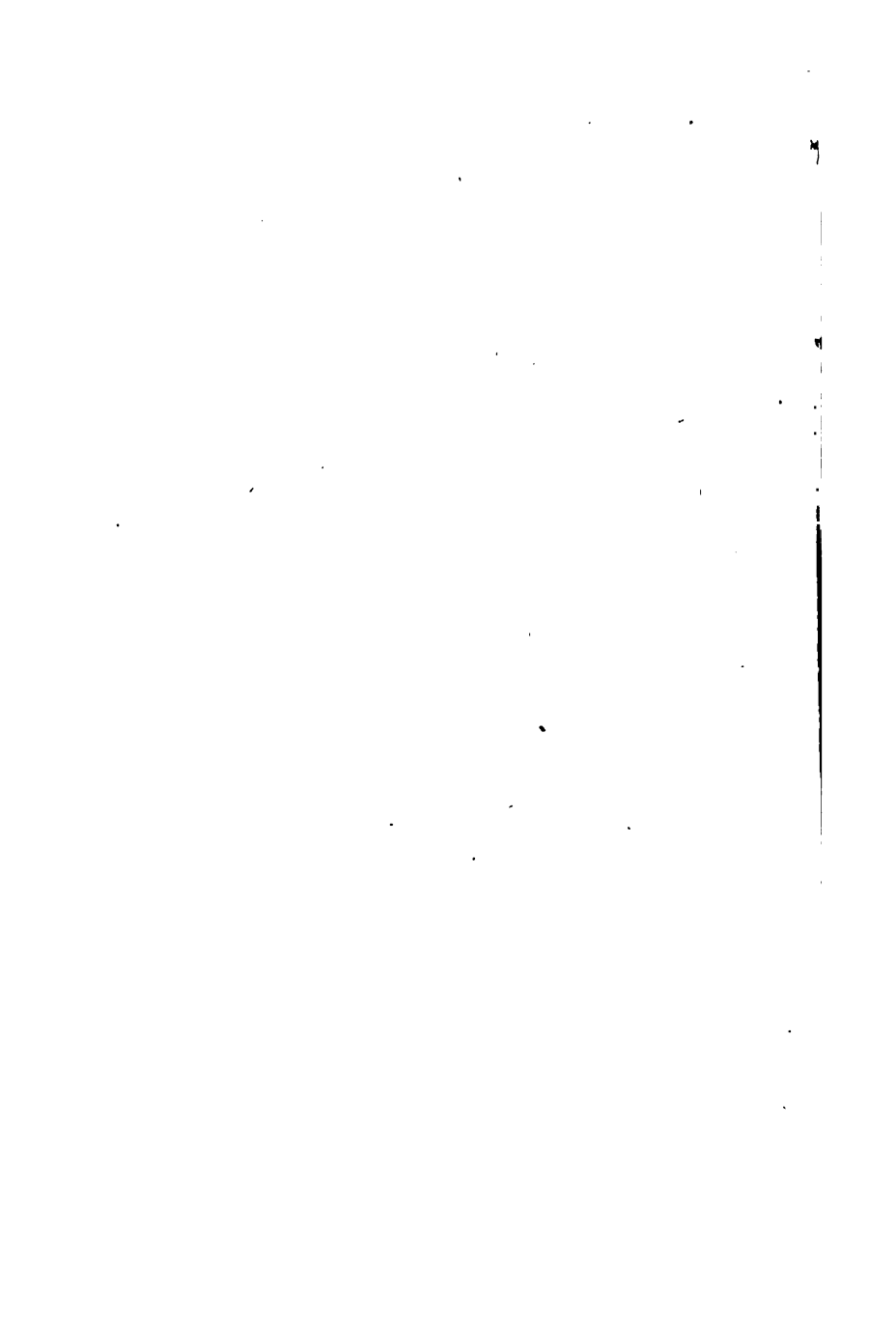


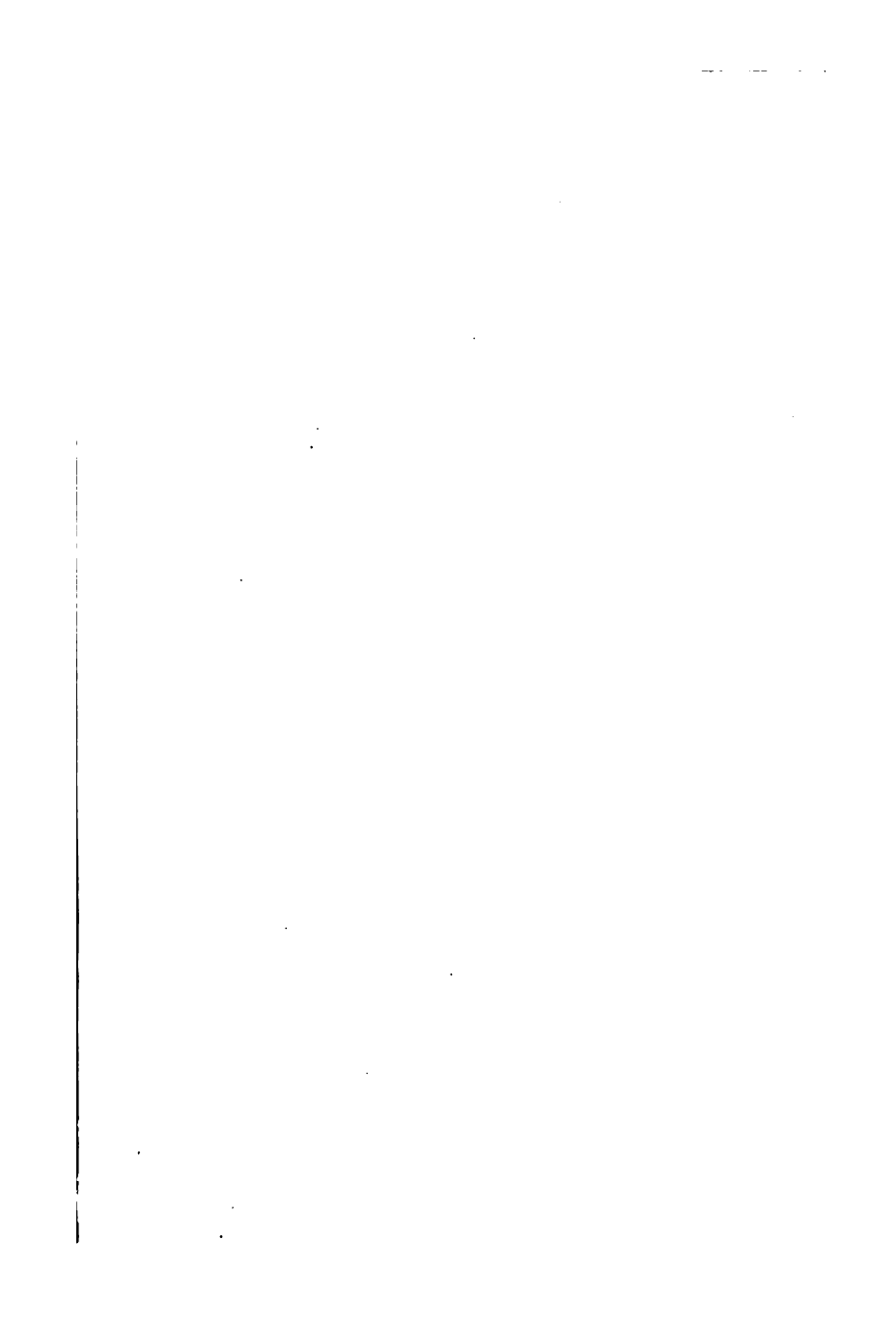
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EDITH.



ELIZABETH.

11. Name of the person who
has been named as the

12. Name of the person who

13. Name of the person who

A FEW REMEMBRANCES
OF
TWO LITTLE SISTERS

Who went together to Heaven.

Edited by their Mother.

... "Infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name."

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A FEW REMEMBRANCES
OF
TWO LITTLE SISTERS
WHO WENT TOGETHER TO HEAVEN.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."—2 SAM. i. 23.

Two more different characters could hardly have been found for the grace of God to work upon, than those of the dear children of whom we are going to speak. The elder of the two was to win her way, through struggle and difficulty, "faint yet pursuing." The younger yielded her heart to be wrought on, by the power of the Spirit, without any *apparent* opposition from the carnal nature. We hope that, by hearing of the first, some little child, whose young heart feels the difficulty of the daily strife with sin within and without, and is at times disposed to think the effort useless, will be encouraged to see that in this, as in all such cases, the

promise is true, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and that by hearing of the second, some little ones may desire to spend their lives in the same happy, tranquil, holy obedience, and then to fall asleep in Jesus.

We shall first speak of the elder of the two, who was called away before her sister, at the age of twelve years. Our dear Edith was, from her birth, an open and most natural child, remarkably and conscientiously accurate about truth, and this, though of a very lively and imaginative temperament; she was the life and spirit of all our party,* but more simple and childlike, even at the latest time to which her life was lengthened, than many of much earlier years. She was not wont to *speak* upon spiritual things, but we think we trace the conflict with her excitable and irritable temperament, which she had to carry on with varying success, her difficulties no doubt being increased, if not originated, by the state of her brain. We were reminded of her character, when we read the following remark in Wagner's Life, namely, that "in the young, religious feeling manifests itself mainly in the freshness and susceptibility of the moral perceptions, that the devotional spirit comes later in the christian life."

* A friend afterwards wrote of her, "That bright and loving spirit! How I can recal her to my mind, all energy, and life, and love."

Latterly however this devotional spirit, we trust, developed itself. The little sisters used to have a little room of their own, in which they seldom slept, but which was a great source of pleasure to them. There they used to keep all their treasures, talk over their little secrets, and one sacred nook in this room will ever be looked upon as a sort of little oratory, where dear Edith used to spend often from half an hour to an hour on her knees at night, till exhausted, she would sometimes fall asleep. On the first birthday after she left us, we hung up over this spot three texts which her sister Flory had illuminated. "His own elect cry day and night unto Him."

"In the beginning of the watches, pour out thy heart, like water before the Lord."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

For the last two or three years of her life, she asked her eldest sister Selena to come to her, when she was in bed, because she liked, before going to sleep, to say to her those two lines in Keble's Evening Hymn :—

"Be my last thought how sweet to rest,
For ever on my Saviour's breast."

This ceased for a few months, but during the last two or three weeks, she used to like Selena to go in

to her at night, when she said to her, in an earnest, enquiring tone, "How have I been to day, Galene?"* meaning how successfully had she struggled against her besetting sins, especially irritability.

She had the most acutely sensitive fear of giving pain to animals and insects, and took a lively interest and sympathy in the suffering of any fellow-creature, which might come under her notice. She was ceaseless in her enquiries about a little child, who had been knocked down and almost killed by a horse and cart; and, on one occasion, though suffering from pain and inconvenience from some pressure on her foot, would go a little further than her errand led her, to enquire how this child was going on.

She took great delight in carrying the tracts and books (which we were in the habit of distributing) and giving them to the little children at Hope's farm.

She shewed great strength and depth of affection, and where once thoroughly attached, never changed. The reverence and love in which she held her father's memory, made the feeling seem akin to a religious one, as indeed it was, and when she was undressed, the last thing she used to do was to lay her hand upon the locket which

* Her favourite name for this sister.

held his hair, read a text out of a little text-book, and then get into bed for the night. Once, when in bed, and occasionally at other parts of the day, she spoke with regret and tears, of having said, as she termed it, "that naughty, wicked thing, to-day," adding, "Will God ever forgive me?"

In May, 1858, a young christian, Miss D. died, not far from us, and she spoke of having "thought and felt very much about it," and seemed happier in her own state of mind, saying once "I never was so happy in my life," and was more able to speak of her own feelings, and less excitable. She wrote some lines on the subject of Miss D.'s death, speaking of the value and shortness of life, and the expectation of meeting her "own papa and all," and "singing with him around that throne of love." She kept a little journal for some time, though irregularly, and on her last birthday (June 29, 1858) she writes, "I hope I shall be better each year;" there were also found some lines she had written on this birthday, expressing thankfulness for prolonged life, and referring to her father, "now at rest," and praying that she might be found ready, and waiting for her Lord, when her hour came. In her letters to Selena, the autumn after this, these expressions occur: "I will remember what you say—I feel so happy, as if I were nearer

heaven,"—also, referring to her endeavours after self-control, "Whenever I am just going to say, what a bother anything is, then I remember that the Lord gave it me to bear, and *that* keeps me from saying it." This sister had agreed with her, before she went away, that they would tell one another their daily texts, as they occurred;—dear Edith did this most regularly, often remarking on them thus: "What a beautiful text that was, 1 Cor. xv. 57, (But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ) that you told me about in your letter," and finishing this letter by saying, "Gallene, what does sanctify mean?" In another letter she says, "How beautiful Rev. iii. 21 is, (To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father, in His throne) and adds, "And another beautiful text I have found, not in your little text-book, but in one of those books that Miss G. gave Flory, Eph. v. 1. (Be ye followers of God, as dear children.)" In the last letter S. ever had from her, after naming her texts, she remarks, "One of those is so beautiful, Eccles. iv. 6, (Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full, with travail and vexation of spirit.)"

During her last winter, when talked to on serious

subjects, her deep feeling and earnest interest was oftener expressed by *tears* than *words*. She always took the lowest possible estimate of her own state and character, and seemed to think that however she might try, she never could do right. Occasionally, during the winter and spring, she used to join Flory while she was reading her texts for the day, and read them also. She expressed a wish to have one of the text-books left with her when F. went to London—she had however, two of her own, which she used every day. Many verses were found marked in her Bible; and we also found on a shelf, where she kept her handkerchiefs and gloves, a scrap of paper, with these words copied out, their being copied inaccurately showing that she had most likely written from memory:—

“Abide with me—fast falls the evening tide,
“The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide
“When other comforts fail, and helpers flee,
“Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.”

On Easter Sunday (April 24,) Selena finished reading with both the sisters, Sherwood's “Infant's Progress,” in which they had been deeply interested, and dear Edith shed many tears in talking over the end of it. Her last walk but one was with S. on Tuesday, May 10, down to the shore, where they sat for an hour, reading and working, and watching

the waves. They talked also a little about the shortness of time, Selena particularly saying how few opportunities were afforded us of glorifying God. That night, as she seemed drooping, and complained of head-ache, S. gave her the 23rd. Psalm to think about, in case she lay awake. She liked this very much, and the next night begged her to give her a text again. S. thinks it was, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The night after, (Thursday) she again asked S. for a text, and she gave her, "I will make all thy bed in thy sickness." She probably at this time felt more ill than we had any idea of, and used to lie on the sofa in the drawing-room with a shawl on, saying she was cold, and sometimes asked if any of us had got a cold hand to put upon her forehead. Ba* brought her a little branch of lilac, and she laid it on her forehead to try and feel coolness from it. The insidiousness of the disease showed itself in occasional returns of health and spirits and animation, when for a time she would seem perfectly well, so that during the whole of this week, we attributed her lassitude to the sudden return of hot weather, which was causing all of us to feel languor and loss

* Of whom we are to give an account presently. We shall not here drop the name "Baby," by which she was always called, her name Elizabeth, being too long for use.

of appetite. Her occasional apparent freedom from illness was specially shewn on her receiving a letter from Mary Ann, (our old servant,) when she was lying down upstairs on Wednesday evening. She entered into all it said, and the account of the baby's birth, and a description of it, with the greatest pleasure and interest, and when she went down to tea, was anxious to tell it all herself.

On Thursday morning, having done their lessons, I said I would take Edith and her little sister in the garden for ten minutes before dinner. E. did not like going, but went without hesitation, and seemed tired in walking about. In the afternoon, I proposed to take them both to Anstey's Cove, to sit on the rocks, to get sea air and bracing, adding, that I would try this every afternoon. Edith said she was not able to walk so far, but I thought it was better that she should go, and we took the camp-stool for her to rest upon by the way. When we got to Anstey's Cove, she took her hat off, put a shawl on one of the rocks, and lay down. She looked at me to express how tired she was, and walked home with her little sister, far behind us, part of the way. She had a fit of giddiness on the way home, and when I happened to touch her hand, I was struck with its extreme coldness. When she came in however, she took a lively interest in some

letters, which we found on the banisters, and even gave S. some help about some velvet which was being taken off her hat. She also answered her questions in Roman history, S. and her little sister *reading* it, as that part of the lesson tried her eyes.

On this night, just before she had begun to be, as we thought, slightly ill, she was sleeping in the bed by me, and said, "Say me a hymn,"—I said, "There is a fountain" to the end. On Friday morning, she stayed in bed to breakfast, and S. helped her to dress, and while she was doing her hair, read the 3rd chapter of Philippians to her. She seemed to like what was said about it. In speaking of the 8th verse, S. has a remembrance of contrasting our small losses and disappointments with what St. Paul gave up for Christ. Also, she recollects saying with emphasis, in talking of verse 11, "Oh, E. 'if by *any* means we might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.'" Without speaking, she turned her head from what she was doing, and looked round with great interest. She had asked the meaning of expressions, now and then, through the chapter. When they came to the words "look for," her sister reminded her of their Papa's illustrating a similar expression by the expectation of the relief suddenly afforded the besieged garrison, at Lucknow. She said, when the chapter was finished, "I wish you

would read with me again, Gallene, as you used." She referred to occasional readings of the Bible which S. had sometimes had with her, and the eager delight with which she used to get her Bible and come to these readings can never be forgotten.

She came downstairs about eleven, and sat in the arm-chair, in the dining-room, with her feet up. At a quarter to twelve I read the confirmation service with her, and S., and her little sister, as that was the time when her brother and sister would be receiving the rite, the one in London, and the other at Rugby. Soon after, S. read a story-book to her till dinner. A little part of the morning, she read some of Markham's History of England, saying, though she could not do her other lessons, she still might do something by going on with her Markham. After dinner, S. was going to practise, while *she* was lying on the sofa in the other drawing room, and (though saying she was afraid she was hindering her) she asked her to sing, "I mourn not the forest," "Eve's Lamentation," and the "Chimes of Zurich," which she did; then dear Edith asked for that part in the Creation about "the silver moon," and then, "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and at last for the passage Aunt S. liked, "*Thou tak'st their breath away, they vanish into dust.*" and this was the last thing Selena ever

sang to her. We then went out for an hour or two, leaving word that if Dr. T—— should come in our absence, Mary* should show our dear child to him, for he had promised to call at the house, the end of the week. She had been lying on the bed all the afternoon, but came down and sat in the great chair for tea, Mary giving it to her there. In the evening, we thought it would refresh her to sit out on the balustrade, so we helped her there, and she sat in a little easy chair, covered with shawls, saying she was so cold, and S. read the story-book to her. She seemed to enjoy the air, and when we talked of coming in, because it was getting too late, begged to be allowed to stay out a little longer. She came in about eight, and lay on the sofa, wrapped in shawls, with the window open. When we were undressing her, we noticed she was *extremely* hot. I slept with her in the west room, and am not aware that she was restless or disturbed in the night, except that it was this night that she awoke me, and asked me to say her a hymn; I was very tired, and answered, "Oh, I am so very sleepy." She repeated, "Oh, do say me hymn."—I said, "Guide me, Oh thou great Jehovah." Again, a night or two later, she asked me to say a hymn, and

* A long-trying and faithful servant.

I said, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove."— On Saturday morning, we watched for Dr. T.'s carriage, which (as we had noticed) passed our house every morning at this hour. While we were doing so, she became very anxious that he should come, saying, "You *must* send for him." He did not, however, on this morning, return by our house, but came at four o'clock. While we were waiting for him, I proposed that her little sister should sit with her, while I went away and wrote a letter, —she said, "She is not old enough." S. therefore did so, amusing her by reading to her. On seeing dear Edith, our kind christian friend and physician was evidently struck with the amount of illness, saying, "Why my child, how did you get all this fever?" He told me to let him know the next morning if she was not better, and repeated it, saying, "I shall not be comfortable unless I feel sure you will do it." She was very glad to see him, evidently feeling very restless and poorly. *Distant* noises particularly disturbed her, as once the going off of a gun, and at another time the barking of a dog.

On this evening, or the following, I said to her, "You have not been able to say your prayers, I think—shall I pray a little with you?" She seemed to wish it. I did so, for a short time, and

also on the two or three following evenings or mornings. She had some bleeding in the throat about ten o'clock that evening, and again towards morning. We were not aware that this was a bad symptom, but thought it might produce relief. On Sunday morning, about ten, I went to tell Dr. T. of the bleeding. He looked grave about it and said he must see her directly, and came up with me. S. waited till past eleven, before going to church, to hear the report—then, 'as it was past church-time, she asked dear Edith whether she cared the *least* whether she waited for Dr. T. or not: she said, "Of course I should *like* you to stay, but it would not do for you to rush down." Upon this, S. said that, of course, if so, she should like much best to stay. Dr. T. as far as we remember, did *not* seem to think badly of her that day;—I stayed at home with her all day till the evening, when I went to church. S. took my place by her for the latter part of the afternoon, and when called by some one away, she begged her to stay. The chief employment, for those who watched by her was, sponging her forehead with vinegar—she was refreshed by eating some orange from time to time. When I came in, about half-past eight, from church, dear Edith arranged with Mary to surprise me, by being in the easy chair by the window, when I arrived;

Mary called to me out of the window as I was coming up the garden, telling me to come straight up there, as she had something to shew me;—I directly asked, "Is E. worse?" and hearing she was not, went upstairs, and found her looking as if she expected I should be pleased. While sitting there in the open window, she said, "I like to hear the birds sing," thus expressing, in her sweet, touching way, her characteristic susceptibility of feeling. We found she was soon tired, and obliged to go back to bed.

In the afternoon, Selena had begged her to allow ——— to see her alone, as there had been a good opportunity, but she had said, "Only it will 'cite* me so,"—therefore it was put off, and in the evening brought about, by my telling her that I thought it would be nice, if she would tell ———, that she was sorry that she had not behaved more kindly to her; they were, therefore, alone together for half an hour. S. asked her what had passed between them, and she told her she had said she was sorry she had not behaved better to ———, and that *she* had taken some blame to herself. As S. was waiting for ——— to come out of the room that night, she heard them kiss one another.

* A hurried way she had of shortening the word "excite" and "expense."

On Monday, a person was sent for to thin and cut off some of her hair. He told her the thinning would not hurt her hair, after she got about again. When he was gone, she said, "It seemed so funny to hear him speak of my getting about again,—I do not think I shall get" She said no more, but looked in my face, half crying. In the afternoon, she said to me, "Tell me a story out of your own head." After thinking for a while, I told her the story of years ago of our going from London to Bushey, to which she listened with great pleasure and interest. Probably it was this afternoon, when I was sitting on the little bed, by the side of hers, that Mary asked her to turn round and lie quiet, and see if she could not get to sleep. As she turned away from me, she said to me, (as she did more than once,) "Oh then I sha'nt see your face." At another time, I was on the right side of her bed, and was leaning close to her, and she raised her little trembling hands, and took hold of my curl, and twisted it round her loving fingers. She asked me to say a hymn to her,—I could not think of a suitable one, and so told Selena to read, "Just as I am." After she had done this, S. asked if she might read another beautiful one, that she had found among mine, called "The Meeting-place," which she did. We were grieved to hear Dr.

T. had not given a good account of her to-day, and had said, "The dear child is very ill, her system has been shocked." The trembling of the hands was also referred to. In the evening, we thought she would like to sit in the easy chair, in the window, where she would see the mower mowing in the garden at Dunreeth, but afterwards we settled on putting her in the other window, whence she would see what was passing in the road. Part of the time she sat in my lap. There was something in her appearance that reminded one of a person in consumption, her complexion was so clear and waxen, her colour so bright, and her eyes so large and brilliant. She did not seem comfortable, and was very soon put back into her bed again. This was the last time she sat up. I had told her that she should have a little bottle of Eau de Cologne for her own. When I gave it her, she said, with a look of great pleasure, "Well, I should not think most little girls of my age would have such a thing."* Whenever we used any from this bottle afterwards, she kept saying, "My very own? use it carefully." In the evening S. wanted to sit with her, but she did not seem to like so many in the room, appearing to wish S. and her little sister to

* All her enjoyments had been simple and unartificial, and she looked for none other.

go down, which they did. I went down only for a few minutes at the end of the evening, as on this and the following day, she seemed particularly anxious that I should not leave her. There was again much restlessness at night, as was often the case.

Among other letters on Tuesday morning, there were some from her sister Milly. She read *hers* herself, towards evening, I steadying it, as her hand shook so much. She did not like *us* to read it, or to have it read to her, till she had looked it over herself. Dr. T. thought her better this morning. S. sat with her a short time, and then took her little sister Ba, and left her with some friends for an hour or two, as she seemed dull the evening before, though trying to employ herself. Letters came from her brothers' all of which, were read to dear Edith except her own, from the eldest, (Robert,) which she read to herself afterwards, I steadying it as I had M.'s. After reading the letter, she said, "I wish I had not done that," it seemed too great a strain for her eyes. Towards evening, Selena asked her if she would not hear, little by little, some of the other letters, particularly one that she thought would interest her, from a cousin at Rome. She said, "I don't know whether you *mind*, Gallene, but I had rather not;" S. then proposed leaving them

till she asked for them, and she said "Thanks," but looked sorry lest S. should be disappointed. She said to me, (as she did several times during her illness,) "May I kiss you?" and put both her arms round my neck, and I could hear her little kisses repeated after my face was removed. In the evening, as we were excessively anxious, and beginning to doubt whether we ought not to ask Dr. T. to come again, S. proposed to go round and ask the —s what they thought, as they were accustomed to sickness. Miss — came back with her. Dear Edith was very much pleased to see her, and when we hesitated about taking our friend up to her, she begged she might come. When Dr. T. came, about half-past ten the next morning, his report was better still, but the last day or two I noticed that he examined her eyes with a glass, which led me to enquire whether he feared anything on the brain,—his answer was, "There is nothing at present, but it is an anxious case." Some time to-day, dear Edith said, "What services are there to-day at Trinity?" I now think a wish was passing in her mind to be prayed for at one of them, but then simply answered, "There will be no service to-day, but there will be to-morrow, Thursday." When Thursday morning came, I heard the Trinity church bell strike up at eleven, but fancying she was much

better, merely thought, with pleasure, that it had now become unnecessary to ask the prayers of the people. As on this day (Wednesday) I was obliged to lie down with a bad headache, I left her for a few hours, with S. sitting by her. She asked her for the story-book, which she had not been able to hear for two or three days, and she read it to her. She thoroughly entered into it, and asked to be shown those pictures in it, which she had not seen, looking at them with her old interest. When I came into her room, I found (by the afternoon post) letters from her Aunt C., which I read by her bedside, as she seemed to like it. In the evening we all sat with her some little time, and I felt much happier about her, and slept out of her room for the first time, Mary taking my place.

Thursday, (19th.) I told her I hoped she would go and spend a few days with some little cousins, and sit on the beach, and ride on donkeys, and asked her if she would like to stay as long as three or four days. She said she should like to stay a *month*. At another time, I named to her that perhaps she might go towards Berry Head, and get sea air and bathing. Earlier in her illness, I had not encouraged the idea of going away, telling her that if she went with only her little sister and Mary, she would be dull, and not so happy as at home. At eight in

the morning, she noticed that I was worried by some letters I was reading, and expressed her affectionate consideration, in her own natural way, by asking, "Are they bothering letters?" She all along complained very much of pain in the head and back, and tenderness all over, to the touch. As the morning advanced, she lay unusually quiet, and slept a good deal. Encouraged by the morning report having been favourable, I left Mary to sit with her, while S. and I wrote letters and arranged accounts about a Memorial Ward in the Consumption Hospital—I had occasion to go in and out of the room while doing so, and thought her resting comfortably. When S. went to sit by her, she was surprised at her silence, and began speaking to her about staying at D——, and hoping she might get change of air there; she tried, in answer, to say some name which evidently gave her difficulty. Finding S. guessed at and named some people in Torquay, she said, clearly, "I do'nt mean any one *here*,"—S. then named the M's., when she tried to say some of their names, adding, "I will never be unkind to the M's again." Not knowing, at that time, how her excitement and difficulties had always been caused by affection of the brain, S. said she hoped, if it pleased God to spare her life, that she would turn over a new leaf after this illness. She seemed quite to

understand, as she put on the thoughtful look she always did, when hearing or speaking of serious things. But anything she said was inaudible, as her words were not clearly spoken; this did not surprise S. as she thought she was weak and low. The thoughtful look above described, was the last we ever noticed of that characteristic expression which, made up of reverence and self-distrust, seemed to say, "I dare not speak." Her little sister Ba gathered some pink May, and put it in moss, and brought it up to her. She tried, tremulously, to raise her hand, and put it near enough to smell, but was hardly able to touch it. Afterwards Ba put another flower into some moss in the same way, but that was no longer noticed. We keep these little memorials constantly in our sight, remembrances now of both little sisters, and their love to each other.

After dinner, S. went to dear Edith's room for a few minutes, and on coming up, found her looking unnatural, but when Mary said, "She has lost her speech," thought she could not fully mean it—I came in almost directly, and spoke to her, asking her to speak, and trying to rouse her, and said, "I have been so looking forward to coming and sitting with you, and have finished up everything, that I might." We tried to get her to answer, but finding

it was of no use, I became very much frightened, and with some hesitation, gave her some sal-volatile. When I found there was a difficulty in swallowing, I gave directions for obtaining instant help, if possible, from any physician, who might be found disengaged. Dr. M. came, and ordered mustard poultices to the feet and behind the ears, and the hair to be cut off, and added that it would be very likely necessary, in the evening, to put a blister on the head, in which case, the head must be shaved. Soon after, Dr. E. came to our help, but said she was in great danger. We telegraphed for Milly, her brothers, and Flory. I sent for a person to cut her hair close, having taken some of it off myself. He shaved only *part* of it, which was all he could succeed in doing.

When Dr. E. came, at half-past nine, he told Mary what to do in case of her extremities getting cold, though he thought she would live through the night. We like thankfully to remember that at this time, "prayer was wont to be made," not only in our own house, but among many believing friends around us.* Late on this evening, Mrs. B. came and prayed with S. By degrees dear Edith's voice returned, I think her first word was "tired." Look-

* Acts xvi. 13. Exodus xvii. 11.—12.

ing surprised she also said to S., "Why Gallene, you've been crying,—don't cry." Speech and consciousness gradually returned about ten or eleven. At first, we heard only single words, the rest of the sentence being inaudible. Soon we could hear short sentences uttered in a low tone, with the deepest feeling and reverence, and with an expression of countenance which will long be remembered by those who saw it. She partly closed her eyes in saying these words, as if withdrawing from all around, and present with God. The restlessness of fever was succeeded by a remarkable calmness and subdued manner of speaking. These short expressions were uttered at intervals of much suffering:—"But when one knows whose will it is . . . in such dreadful pain,"—I said, "When you know whose will it is, it makes you able to bear it." She said, "Yes, I think it does, . . . forgive my sins, . . . all this pain. The following probably, refers to a wish she had long had, to have some change from Torquay, which desire had increased upon her, since the fever had set in. "I wish we had more money, but that was wrong, I should not have wished that."—I said, "Wish that Jesus would forgive your sins, for His mercy's sake, —Do you wish that?" She answered, "Yes, I do." I said, "He will, if you wish it, and ask Him for

it." She put her arms round my neck, saying, "Dear, darling, Mamma," and thought in doing so, she scratched me, and said, "Oh, I scratched you . . ." (with a look as if shocked and sorry.) Again she said, "Whose will is it?" I asked, "Do you know whose will it is?" "I cannot say the name," she said, "I am too unworthy." I said, "You are not worthy in yourself, but Jesus is worthy, do you know that?" Her answer was indistinct. Then she said, "Pray that God will forgive me." I said, "I will,—pray God forgive E. for Jesus' sake." She again repeated, "This dreadful pain . . I must not say dreadful,—this pain, I pray that I may be able to bear it . . whose will it is . . . my pain is very bad in my head, but I know whose will it is. Mamma, pray with me." I said, "I do constantly, and I will now," etc., etc. She said, "Mamma, pray for me." I answered, "I do, and you know God says, 'Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find.' Is not that nice?" She said, "Yes, whose will it is."—I again asked her, "Whose will?" She repeated "I cannot say the name,—I am too unworthy." I said, "It is Jesus' will, is not it?" She answered, "I did not mean that."—(The word that had evidently been in her mind was *God's* will—her habit even in health had been to use this word with the deepest reverence, and but rarely; and on the one or two

occasions that she uttered it, during her illness, it was in a low tone, and in a manner that expressed the deepest sense of her own unworthiness, and as following the direction given to Moses, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.") She said, "Mamma, I am going to die, I think."—I asked, "If you do, are you willing?"—"I cannot say I am, Mamma." S. said, "Jesus is ready to take you in His arms"—She answered, "I am afraid not, Gallene." S. said, "'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom'"—She looked pleased, and said, "Come round this side, Gallene," and seemed to like to hear what she said. Once, when she was speaking despondingly, I said, "But the dying thief was received."—She answered, "Ah, but I am worse than he." (Here, her timid character, and the depressing nature of her disease, must be remembered.) She said, "I am going to hell—I have been such a naughty child all my life—you will not find me in heaven Pray for me now, kneel all of you, round the bed, and pray for me—that may do." We did, as she asked us, and then I said, "'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"—If you ask Him to forgive you, He will—ask Him."—She said, "Forgive my sins for

Jesus' sake."* When again saying she should not go to heaven, I told her, "Jesus has said all shall go there who ask Him, and you have—I heard you,"—adding, "Do you hope He will forgive you?" She cast her eyes upward with a look of intense feeling, never to be forgotten, and said, "INDEED I DO."

Afterwards she said, "Pray for me—Oh, forgive me my many and wicked sins, and let me go to heaven at last, (turning her eyes fervently upwards.) . . . I am pretty good now. . . You will all go to heaven, but not me, and we shall be separated for ever. . . Oh forgive me all the naughty things I have said. . . Pray for me." (Her little sister Ba, who had been lying down, now came in, about two o'clock.) She said, "I am not half so good as Baby—Oh, help me to bear this. . . Gallene, do *you* pray for me?" S. answered, "I do constantly."—She said, "Kind;" (an expression she often used.) She said, "Jesus died for such a wicked sinner as me." Afterwards, "Let me be prayed for at church." I answered, "Yes," adding, "Mrs. B. has been here, praying for you, downstairs,

* A friend, referring to her, afterwards wrote thus: "It always appears to me, that the heart best attuned to the song of the redeemed is the lowliest, sin-stricken, and beholding the Lamb—looking off from all other to Him."

so beautifully." She said, "Kind, kind," I said, "Mrs. B. went to ask Miss A.* to pray for you." "Don't let her pray too much," she said, "it might make her ill, and give her headache, . . . and don't let her get up." Afterwards she said, "Forgive me all my wicked sins. . . . I am afraid that was all the prayer I prayed all last night.†—I am such a bad sinner—I am afraid I shall not go to heaven." I reminded her that even her Papa had said, "'Of whom I am chief.'" She answered, "Ah, but he was not so bad as me." When I was begging her to swallow the essence of meat (made like beef-tea) she tried to do it, saying, "Am I obeying you?" and afterwards, "I do it partly to repay you for all your watching." Towards morning, she said, in her winning way, "I do so love you." When she discovered that a friend had come, instead of another, whom she had wished to see, she said, "Whose will is it, that I should see — instead of — (adding in a deeply reverent tone) it's *His* will, and I'll try to bear it."

The fault she went on to mourn over, namely, want of truthfulness and accuracy, was so entirely foreign to her nature that we cannot at all account for her fancying she had ever been guilty of it. "I am afraid

* This christian friend had not long been able to leave her couch, which it was supposed, would have proved her dying bed.

† Isaiah lrv. 24.—Psalm li. 17.—Daniel ix. 3, 4, 5, 9, 20—23.

I have told such a many falsehoods, I am rather frightened that I shall not go to heaven," and afterwards, "I used to be such a wicked child at Aston. I say my prayers every night here, (then the following three words referring to her father in a most earnest tone) since *he* died . . . but I don't believe I used at Aston." Afterwards she repeated, "I am in great pain, but whose will is it?" Then she said she was afraid I should think her conceited, but added, "I *mean* it, I TRUST I mean it." I told her how blessed I thought it that she should love God's will. A little afterwards, she prayed, "O God, help me to go to heaven, and help me to bear the pain," and then twice over, "Help me, oh, help me." She said, "I am such a wicked sinner—such a blasphemer—is it wrong to say that?" then looking earnestly upwards, "Shall I *ever* go to heaven?" Just before this, she had asked me to say "a little hymn,"—I said the first verse of "Rock of ages." Afterwards she said, "How kind God is, if it is not blasphemy for *me* to say the word.—Mamma, do you think I shall go to heaven?" I answered, "Jesus died that you might, and I trust you will." She said, "Oh, but I am such a sinner." I said, "It was for sinners Jesus died—for you and for me." She answered, "Oh, but you have not been like me."

As I was going for some beef-tea, she said, "If I might ask, go quietly, is it rude? Oh, I am not well this morning,—I am very ill, but I know who sends it, . . . is that conceited, Mamma? I did not mean it, at least I do not know whether I did, O God, forgive my sins for Christ's mercy's sake, Amen. Is that long enough, dear Mamma?" When she said, "Pray for me," I repeated, these words, "O Lord, heal E., help her,—bless her and take her to heaven, when she dies, for Jesus' sake;" and, on one occasion, told her to repeat the words after me, when she had been complaining that she had not said her prayers. As it was most important to save her every effort of mind, I often used these same few, simple words, during the remainder of her illness, when she asked for prayer, or complained that she did not say her prayers, or at other times. Once, when I told her she had said her prayers for I had heard her, she answered, "Then it shows I could not have been attending, for I did not know I had." She often asked what o'clock it was, and if told a late hour, said "What so late?—then I must get up and do something, and not waste all my time here," and once when I had said, "You have nothing to do, but lie still and keep quiet," she answered, "Oh, but then I shall grow up such a little ignorant."

The first time Mrs. B., sent her some grapes, I held the bunch before her—her smiling, beaming face, looked surprised, and gratified and pleased, and she raised her hand admiringly as she looked at them, and would not let us pick any of them off, but would pick them off for herself, as we steadied them for her, and then said, "Gallene will be jealous;" and afterwards, when her little sister came in, "Baby will be jealous,—give her some."

The report, the next morning, was somewhat more favourable. Miss A. came to join with S. in prayer for her. Her brothers and Milly, who arrived about twelve, went in to see her directly they came, as her head was turned the other way, and *she* could not see *them*—Flory also returned late in the afternoon.

On Saturday morning we were much more hopeful, though cautioned by a friend that a sudden change might take place. Another friend came to advise with us about having a photograph taken, which now, however, we hoped, no longer pressed. As the case had become very critical, she was repeatedly visited in the course of the day, Dr. E. occasionally dropping in of an evening, to enquire, and, with his great and father-like kindness, see if he could be of any help to us. In the morning of this day, (Saturday) Flory came in to see her, and

brought her an orange—Edith expressed surprise at seeing her, saying, “What Flory,—Flory?” Thinking she was too much excited, I sent F. back again. Milly, Flory, and her brothers used, of a day, to listen behind the open door, to anything they could hear her say, and sometimes, when her head was turned away, to go into the room.

In the afternoon of this day, she said to S., “I can’t say my prayers . . . pray for me.” S. answered, “I do, very often.”—She said, “Thank you, darling.” As she still complained of not being able to say her own prayers, S. told her that *many* were praying for her, and that God wished to listen to *them*, and not to her saying *her* prayers just now, as she was not able for it—She said, “I am a great sinner.” S. answered, “If you were the greatest of all, Jesus can save you,” and then, knowing she ought not to be encouraged to talk too much, she begged her to *shut her eyes*, and they would both try and go to sleep.—She immediately did so, saying, in a soft, clear, low voice,

“Sweet to lie passive in Thy hands,
And have no will but Thine.”

Her warm heart felt pleasure in the *well-known affection*, rather than in the respectful expressions of those who attended upon her—When she was moved into the little bed, Turner was helping her,

and in speaking to her, addressed her as "Miss,"—she said, in an under tone, "You are so *cold*, Turner."

I asked her, the next morning, (Sunday) if she would like to be prayed for at Trinity—She said, "Yes," and afterwards inquired, "How will they give it out?" and when told that the prayers of the congregation would be asked for "Edith M.," she said, smiling, "What an *exquisite* name."* She said to me, with great earnestness, "You have no idea . . . it is *so* nice that they are praying for me," and had been greatly relieved in leaving her own prayers unsaid, by being told that she was being prayed for, wishing to know "the *exact minute*" that the prayers were being offered for her. On this morning, our conversation having been about holy things, the exact subject of which I cannot remember, she said, "I used not to care about talking of these things, but now I like it *so* much—Mamma, do go on talking."

When we were giving her grapes, she looked at them, with grateful pleasure, calling them "*exquisite*," and saying, "Oh, what ought we to do? to think of God sending such nice things to me . . . I am so wicked," and when I said, "He will

* Like her father, she had a keen perception of what was beautiful in sight or sound, and her name was pleasing to her ear.

bless you *soul*, as well as body, I trust," she said, "I have acted badly, all my life." When she complained, as often before, about her prayers not being said, I begged her not to think about it. She asked if she might say the Lord's prayer, but I told her it was too long, and reminded her of her Papa's prayer, that he had taught her, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and told her how the publican was accepted for those *few words*; "And the other?" she asked,—I answered, "Though he said much longer prayers, he was not received, because he thought himself good and righteous."—She said, "How dreadful." Once, when she was going to *repeat after me*, "God be merciful to me a sinner," she said, "Oh then I must put my hands together," and, with some effort, tried to raise them, from under the bedclothes. She begged much to be prayed for, *evening*, as well as morning, and we told her we believed she would be. She inquired, after evening church, who had been there, hoping to hear from them whether she was prayed for, and seemed a little disappointed therefore, to find that none of the party had been to church. I told her we were sure to hear, either that night or the next morning, from some one who had been there.

In the afternoon, S. was sitting by her bedside, reading "The Christian Year," when she said, "Read Keble to *me*," she appeared, however, not to understand it, as she asked her twice to read it louder. When she again asked her to pray for her, she knelt down and prayed *with* her, after which, she said, "Speak louder,"—S. answered she would next time, but dear E. told her to go on "*now*," which she did. She then asked her to say, "Awake my soul," she accordingly said the first verse only, partly thinking it too rousing a hymn for her, and partly, as she told her, because she did not know it *by heart*, and would therefore have had to read it. Her sister then told her she would say the *evening* hymn, which she did, leaving out the verse, "Teach me to live," (thinking it too exciting for her,) and also the last verse, finishing with the doxology. Dear Edith then asked her to say, "May the grace," and S. began the *hymn*, "May the grace of Christ our Saviour," but she said, "No, I don't mean that," so her sister said, "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all, evermore, Amen."—She said, "Thank you, Gallene."

She always used to remind S. to pray for her, when she was going to be moved from one bed to another, which was done, not only with effort, but

with great pain in the head. Dr. T. had said one or two texts to her, on some occasions latterly when he had come, leaning over her bed. One of these was, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" another, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." On this night, she said, "Ask Dr. T. to come and tell me about Jesus." She always looked much pleased, when she saw him, and smiled, with almost her former look of animation.

She said, in the night, "I think I shall die," and, looking at me, "You will have to wear your black, but don't *spend* much upon it."

Monday, (23rd.) I asked her, about eight in the morning, if she could eat some oat-cakes for breakfast, on hearing which, her brother Fred rushed down, and brought them back so quickly up the hill, that when he came in, he threw himself into a great chair, exhausted, and completely overcome. She held up her hand, with pleasure, when she was shown one of them, and ate a large portion of it, with Devonshire cream. When anything was brought to her, of which she could only eat a *part*, she was always anxious that the remainder should not be wasted, trying to eat of it as much as she could, and then saying, "Let somebody else eat the rest of it." At another time, Mary was feeding

her, and put the food into her mouth more quickly than she liked, when with a remnant of her former playfulness, she said, "*Tachez-vous*," meaning, *Tardez-vous*; seeing Mary wait, she said, "There you see—she understood." Her simplicity and unselfishness were shown, when something was said about giving her sixpence, as a reward—"Oh no," she said, "that would be taking it from the others."

The fear of exciting her prevented our telling her of her brothers' arrival, whom she had not seen for several months. In the afternoon, Fred was looking at her, from behind the door, and hearing a little noise there, she turned her head round, and caught sight of him.—She looked very much excited, and almost frightened, saying, "Why, there's Freddy," adding, when we tried to divert her thoughts from him, "I saw his brown hair." Flory was sent for, to turn away her attention, when she asked her several questions.—"How are you now?" (thinking of her late illness,) then, "How is Sophy? . . . When did you come home?" and when told the day, tried to remember what we had been doing on that day, saying, "Why did you not come and see me before?" We reminded her that she *had* been, but that we had been afraid of exciting her. She also said to F., "I am worse to-day than ever I was." She begged many times that F. might be allowed to

sleep with her, and was, with some difficulty, dissuaded from it.

Her care for others' feelings was seen, when Milly, this afternoon, accidentally showed herself, inside the door. Much vexed and frightened, lest the sight of another new face should do her harm, I turned round to speak to M., dear Edith said, "Oh Mamma, *don't* say anything to her," and then, trying to turn off my attention, added, "Now, Mamma, I am going to have on that nice soft thing," meaning the compress for her head.

About five o'clock, S. was trying to think of some common subject, which would keep her mind soothingly occupied, as she seemed a little restless, and so began talking of Moulsey, where she very much wanted to go, for change of air. She quite entered into the subject, and told her how bright and pretty Moulsey was, and how happy she and Ba had been, when staying there. S. said, "They have got a beautiful orchard there—hav'nt they?" "Yes," she said, and began talking about it, saying to Turner, who was making the little bed, "Ah, Turner, if you were turned into Mary's orchard" giving a little knowing shake of her head, which showed how much of her own playful way was left. She also asked Mary about a little boy named "Willie," that she remembered seeing there.

Some time in the afternoon, she asked me or S. to say a hymn, and wished it to be, "The Tempest one," by which name she called "The Meeting-place," because it has that word in the first verse. S. read it to her, and she said, "I do ~~so~~ like it I feel better since Gallene read it."—After thinking a little, she said, "Will there be any sea *at* heaven? I mean *in* heaven? I *hope* there will."—Then she said to me, "Have you got some others?" (of the hymns,) and when I told her we had plenty, she asked, "May I have one?" I gave it to her, and she said, "Thank you," with such pleasure, and afterwards when Turner was moving some things on her bed, she said to her, "Take care not to spill anything on my hymns—Mamma has allowed me to have them for my *own, own*." She said, "I do think little Barly* is the most darling little thing. . . . I think *she* will go to heaven."†

She asked, "Do you think I shall go away?" I answered, "That is as God pleases—if He raises you up, most certainly you will." She said, "Will you pray that I may go away?"

* Another childish name that she had lately got the habit of using for her little sister.

† The excitability of dear Edith's temperament, together with her humility and self-distrust, made her look up with reverence to the self-control and heavenly-mindedness which characterised the little younger sister.

Tuesday, (24th.) Her brothers were obliged to go back to Rugby, early this morning. When she was suffering much, and I was sitting by her, she asked after my headache, (as was her custom,) and said when I was carrying the hot water for her feet out of the room, "It's so heavy—go slowly." I used often to rub her feet to see if they were warm, as it was so important to keep up regular circulation; when I was doing this, she said, "Oh, it isn't nice for you." This sensitiveness was shown, in a different way, by her being grieved, and almost crying, when a little insect was unavoidably killed, in her room. She appeared to us to be getting weaker all this day, though the report, given us in the morning, was, "better," and, in the afternoon, "not worse." Mary, being so indispensable to her, remained always in her room; on this day, I myself left her a good deal, thinking it so important to keep her very quiet, and without change of nurses. She seemed to notice the work Mary was doing by her side, which had on it the embroidery that she herself had done for Ba. She asked, several times, during this day, why S. did not come in to her as much as usual.

She asked me what day it was, and when I said, "Tuesday," I heard the words, "Boys' letters,"

that being the day on which we always heard from her brothers.

When grapes were offered her, she constantly asked if they were ours, hoping they were from our greenhouse, thinking that buying them would cost so much, and when these and other things were brought to her, said, "Such 'spence," and once, "I will not have any more. . . . Now Mary, you mind, I'm not going to have any more," and, with her own childlike simplicity, added, "Why, they must have cost a *shilling*, I should think."

On this, her last evening, the reflexion of the setting sun shone bright on her door; she saw it behind her curtain, which I drew, thinking she found the brightness too much.—She said, "Oh no, I like that," and, gazing at it, "Oh, it is *so exquisite*." It was as nearly as possible this time, on the following evening, that purer and perfect glory shone upon her.—Rev. xxi. 28.

Towards night, raising her right hand, (as she had a habit of doing,) she said, "I think I can safely say that there is not an inch of me, except perhaps my feet, that does not ache."

About seven or eight o'clock, she said, "Mamma, will you say to me, 'Suffer.' " As this was spoken in much suffering, I thought she meant, "If ye suffer with Him, ye shall also reign with Him,"

but immediately afterwards recollected, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of *heaven*." She noticed the mistake, and said, "What?" thinking that it should have been, "the kingdom of *God*."

Forgetting that her hair had been cut off, she said, "I have not got on my nightcap—all my hair will come down." I told her she was cooler without it, and that the cold compress could be better laid on her head. She still begged to have it, and it was put on—I said, "I am sure you would be cooler without it, if you would have the compress again." She asked me, "Do you wish it?" and when I answered, "Yes, I do," she allowed the cap to be taken off.

She asked on this, as on many other evenings, where her little sister Ba was sleeping—I told her where, and she said, "What *alone*? for Mary is here."—I quieted her, by saying she was all right. This must have been only one or two hours, before the brain ceased to act. She said, "Mamma, will you pray for me?" I answered, "I will, and I do." She said, "Thank you."

Finding her slightly wandering, some time after this, Mary said, "I will turn you on the other side, that you may try and go to sleep."—She looked for

me, and said, "Oh, where is Mamma?" Mary answered, "Mamma is in the room, sleeping." She asked, "Where are *you* going to sleep?" and was told "By the side of you." Mary hoped she would then settle for sleep, and the first thing that she noticed about her, afterwards, was a particular movement of her hands. She therefore took the lamp, and found that she looked unconscious. I sent for Dr. E., who came about half-past one, and told us that water had formed on the brain.

When Dr. T. came, the next morning, he tried to see if he could rouse her, by saying, "My dear child, I am afraid you are not so well," and raised the lid of her eye.—She opened it, and looked at him with *apparent* recognition, but soon closed it again; I went up to her, and tried to rouse her in the same way, that she might look at me, but without any effect. They ordered mustard poultices to the feet, etc., which seemed to prolong the life, which we thought had been ebbing fast. She continued to breathe, though somewhat heavily, but lay perfectly tranquil and unconscious. About half an hour before the last, on Wednesday evening, she raised her arm and drew the pillow close to her head.

A christian friend came in at about a quarter after seven, and when the last moment came, said these

words, "Father, into Thy hands we commend her spirit, for Thou hast redeemed her."

At half-past seven, the only change that passed was that the last breath was drawn—Instantly, the colour which had, till that moment, never left her face, disappeared: and there fell, over her countenance, that expression of unearthly loveliness, which seems as if the stamp of heaven was upon it. Our friend raised her hands in quiet admiration and awe, saying, "How lovely."

The following texts are marked in her text-book:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day, upon the earth," and, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—The last is doubly marked.

Among the numberless passages marked in her Bible, are the following—Job xix. 25, 26, 27.—Psalm iv. 4.—Psalm x. 12.—The whole of Psalm xxiii.—Psalm xxvii. 14. (Psalm xxxvii. 23, 29, 37., probably marked with reference to her Papa.) Psalm xxxix. 4.—Psalm xl. 17.—Psalm xliii. 5.—Psalm xlix. 15.—Psalm lxiii. 1.—Psalm lxvi. 8, 9, 10.—Psalm cxxx. 8.—Isaiah xxvi. 4.—Luke xii. 35, 36.—Heb. xi. 25.—"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."—"Jesus Christ, the same yester-

day, to-day, and for ever."—"As they that must give account."—Rev. xxi. 23.—Rev. xxii. 14, 20.

The following are some of those marked three, four, and five times:—Psalm xxx. 7.—Psalm xxxi. 14, 23, 24.—Psalm xlvi. 14.—Psalm liv. 4.—Psalm lvii. 2.

LUKE XV. 10., AND JOB XXXVIII. 7.

Immortal Spirits, angels, tell
What themes a louder chorus swell,
Far through the vaulted sky,
While gathering through the radiant throng,
With livelier rapture, pours along
That tide of ecstasy.
So sang ye sons of God, when erst
From this dark, slumb'ring chaos burst
Creation's dawning day—
But say, what infant worlds of light,
Now bursting on your angel sight,
Call forth your noblest lay.
Not such the theme—a drooping head,
A tear, by contrite sinner shed
That thrill of rapture gave,
A trembling voice just rose on high,
I perish, was the suppliant's cry,
But one has died to save.
And ever thus the whisper'd pray'r
Attendant angels wait to bear,
And in high transport burn,
While myriads catch the eager flame,
And, round the throne of God, proclaim
One wanderer's return.

PART II.

“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
Thou hast perfected praise.”

It is plain to all of us, that the praise of God can be shewn forth in the matured mind, and by the long life of an eminent and devoted Christian.—But there seems also a remarkable suitableness to the purity and simplicity of the Gospel, when its power is set forth in the heart and life of a little child. Every time it is so, not only is the “praise” of God “*perfected*,” but other little ones can see that *they* may as fully serve Him and glorify Him, as any that “have borne the burden and heat of the day.” We long that some little child, seeing what the grace of God did for this blessed one of whom we write, may shake off that mistaken thought of many children, that they are too young to give their hearts to God.*

* This little one died at the age of ten years.

In looking back to the first year or two of our dear child's life, we are reminded of the expression used of John the Baptist, "Sanctified from the mother's womb." The gentleness, obedience, and love, which characterised her infancy, showed the same grace working in her, which brought forth, as the little mind began to open, the still better fruits of a spirit of prayer, and an earnest interest about God and Eternity.—The first instance of this, that stands forth to our mind and memory, is the way in which it was her habit to *pray* the words of prayer she was told to use, at night. It is sweet, but sad, to recollect her, from about five years old, kneeling by my side, with the quiet seriousness that seemed to belong to an older person—and how I used to notice then, as I vividly remember now, the slow, thoughtful, and even emphatic utterance of those words of prayer. She expressed a wish to be allowed to say, *not aloud*, some prayers of her own.—To such a length was this continued, that I have often felt wearied in waiting for her, and when her little face was raised up from my knee, it had an expression, that I never can forget, telling of real communion with God. How do I wish that I could put forth to view that little form, as memory pictures it, the deep, thoughtful, blue eye, with its long, softening eye-lashes, giving a depth and inten-

sity of expression, which made me gaze upon her, and describe her look and tone to her Papa, even in those days of comparative health.

She never seemed to find any difficulty in submitting her will to parental authority, or to have any wish opposed to mine. I have generally noticed that, at some period of childhood, and sometimes often, there is a reluctance to obey, and more or less effort in submission—with *her* there never seemed to be any. Her little lessons were learnt and gone through, with steady application of mind, without either difficulty or excitement, or any of the little wilfulness which so often accompanies the acquirement of knowledge, in infancy. Some of these dispositions may be attributed to temperament and constitutional quietness, so that it was said of her, she was like "a little Quaker," but much more, I think, was owing to the abundant working of the grace of God upon her heart, keeping everything there in its right place, and teaching her, even in her youngest years, as the phrase is, "to know her position."—Thus her countenance acquired that peculiar and characteristic look, observed by so many, it may be said all who knew her, and which was thus described by a christian friend, shortly after she was taken from us:—"I used to look at her face, and gaze upon it, and think there was an entire absence of all the bad

passions—I could not trace that the carnal nature had been at work there.” The same thing was also spoken of by another friend, who further describes her thus:—“How her little meek, lamb-like face comes to my remembrance. We feared she would never be reared—she was so small and fragile-looking, and seemed prematurely wise and good—so unlike a child. A peculiar interest hung about her—a child one felt a sort of veneration for.”

The next little circumstance of her childhood was connected with her seventh birthday. It was our custom, on these days, to make many little presents among brothers and sisters, and the whole family—toys, and other such things as children delight in, were often given. A few days before this birthday, she said to me, “Mamma, I should like a Bible on my birthday.” Her asking it was the more remarkable as it was not our custom to make known what the presents were to be. Of course, with gladness and thankfulness her wish was complied with, and that Bible was the blessed and increasingly constant and valued companion of her four remaining years.—Latterly, it was always by her side, and once or twice within the last few weeks of her life, but before she was ill, when we proposed to her, for the sake of the order and neatness of the drawing-room, that it should be put by, she said, “I would *rather* have it there.”

Her deep affection and feeling beyond her years were shown about an alarm, which proved groundless, in connexion with my health, when her elder sister sorrowed and wept with her, seeking comfort thus, which, in ordinary cases, could not have been looked for, from so young a child. Nothing more than exceeding gentleness and blamelessness is recalled by us, in connexion with the later years of infancy, until the death of her father, except perhaps the quiet, tender manner she showed, during the illness of her eldest sister—her willingness to be less considered, she having, as the youngest and most delicate, been hitherto first thought of.

On Sunday evenings each of the family used to choose one hymn to sing together.—She always fixed on “Excelsior,” which just characterised her upward course. How often have their father and I gazed, as they stood round the piano-forte, upon the group, of all heights and ages, sons and daughters, that made up our blessed seven*—how calm and composed was the form of this little one—how eager and animated the expression of dear Edith. They now sing together a better song.—Rev. xiv. 3.

* An eighth had been taken home in early infancy.

The last birthday she had, during her father's life, was on a *Sunday* (Nov. 8, 1857). He gave her one of the Tract Society books, "The Little Envelope-Makers," which he had seen her interested in, a day or two before. She was much pleased with it, and while he was walking with me, before the drawing-room windows at Aston, he made me stop and look at her leaning on the sofa, quietly absorbed in it. When he gave her his blessing that day, he expressed his pleasure that her birthday was on a Sunday. About that time he said to her these words:—"Dear Baby,* I think you are a child of God—I think you try to serve Him." When awakened on the morning of his death, and told she was fatherless, she threw herself down on the floor, with greater excitement than she had almost ever been known to show before, saying, "Oh, why didn't you wake me, and tell me?"

On the following July 4, Selena and she were at home alone together, the weather being bad. They had some conversation, about which S. has these words in her journal, (we give them, because this was the first of those "talks," as she called them, so often afterwards referred to in her letters and otherwise,) "All went to church, but Ba and I,

* He still called her by this name.

who had a most blessed talk, and, thank God, she said she felt very happy after it, and asked me to come to her room, and told me so again, and that the singing reminded her of what I had been saying.—We had sung, ‘Oh for a closer walk,’ and ‘Far from the world,’ and ‘How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.’”

The talkings together led to reading the Bible also together, and dear Ba told Selena she wished she would read, in the same way, with her sister Edith too, which she did, with each alone.—It is remarkable that the first chapter read with each was, 1 Cor. xv.—These holy words thus read, with many tears from dear Edith, in the midst of life and health, were to be spoken, only one year after, in faith and hope, over the precious remains of both little sisters, now together awaiting their joyful resurrection.

How little do any of us know, when making an effort for God, and those whom we love, how much it may tell on their future blessedness—How it speaks to the young, both in years and in grace, to *gain* influence, by love and self-denial, over the minds of others, and especially over younger brothers and sisters, and then to *use* it in sowing the seeds of immortal truth, which, by God’s blessing, may bear fruit, which may comfort their

own hearts, when weeping over the lifeless forms of those they so fondly cherished.

Two or three months after these readings and talks had begun, Selena went from home.—Dear Ba told her before she went away, that she hoped the letters that passed between them would not be about such things as letters in general are, but about those things she cared for most. It was agreed, for that purpose, that she and no one else should read the postscripts of S.'s letters to her.

The following are her letters written to this sister, at this time, in her usual health and spirits, at the age of *nine years*, and seem to us to have a spiritual and heavenly tone about them quite unlike what would be written by children in general * We think these letters will keep their natural simplicity better, if we do not leave out her childlike remarks about common things.—The first letter describes a difficulty of temper that she had had, which she concludes by saying, "I felt so sorry, but it is all right now."

[I.]

"I wonder if it is wrong, but sometimes I want to die, I want to be with Jesus.

* After her death, a friend wrote of her, "It was cheering indeed to trace what the Lord had done for that dear little sainted child, who was, even to the eye of a common observer, so unlike the generality of children."

Is not it nice, but I think Kiddy* has found your scissors. I do not know how I shall get on until you come back—sometimes I feel so happy, and at others so very unhappy—do tell me what I had better do."

Her next letter was as follows:—

[II.]

"My own dear, dear Gallene,†

I have been a great deal happier for the last day or two, but somehow it seems so funny that that is all, and I go on every day like what I do. I don't think I get angry so often. I want by the time you have come home to have got on a little.—I wish I could have written more, but there is not room, though I forgot to say many happy returns of your birthday—I hope you will have a happy one. I want that happy time to come, when there will be all peace and joy on earth, and Jesus will reign, and all trouble will be no more. I do not think I shall live long, I do not feel like it, but I don't feel afraid. Your letter made me feel so much happier. I have learnt two new hymns—the first called, "Heaven," and the other called, "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—that is a very beautiful one. I long for you to come home—I feel I shall be going home soon—life is so very short.—

Your most affectionate sister,

Elizabeth F. M."

The affectionate expressions, at the beginning and ending of her letters, have generally three, and

* Her name for her sister Edith.

† A name used by her, as well as by dear Edith, for their eldest sister.

four lines under them to mark the warmth of her love.

[III.]

"I am going to write to you as Mamma is going to write. There has not been near so much quarrelling lately. I am always saying over that verse—And went on her path, 'rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I do look forward to that time when there will be all peace and joy—O that I may be there, and all of us, and Mary. I wish you were not going to stay away so very long—I thought it would be only a month, and you are going to stay six weeks, but I know if you came home, I should be as ungrateful as ever—I think it must be so blessed to have saved one sinner, from everlasting death, which I am almost sure you must have, for I did not care about God, before we had those readings together.—I hope I may be one of those, that Jesus will say, 'Come ye blessed of my Father.' Do you think one would not be happy, if one was to know that anybody one loved was not saved, in heaven? I do not think you will understand what I mean, but you must tell me, when you come home."

[IV.]

"I have not been quite so happy lately, but still I hope I am not very unkind to Kiddy. . . . It was Mr. Rogers last Sunday. We saw the comet last night. . . . I think the two texts I like the best are, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and the other is, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels, over one sinner that repenteth.' I think I love God much more than I did, and I like the Sunday so very much, but then I am so very much afraid I am like what it says in that text, 'Let him that

thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' . . . Aunt S. has just been, and we are going there, this afternoon, to see the garden. I wish you were not going to stay so long."

Probably the Sermon by Mr. Rogers, to which, her letter refers, was one which we noticed much interested her—it was on the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. xxii. At its close, she remained on her knees till the church was nearly empty, before she rose to go out.—She had often thus continued in prayer, when much interested.

[V.]

"I do so wish we could have those talks, we used to have—I do not think about God so much. Mamma was saying that she thought flattering was a bad thing, and Kiddy will flatter me, when I do not want her to—I should so much like us all to be a holy, happy family. I was very much surprised to hear about the boys—do tell us something more about them. It always makes me so very happy to talk about God.—We shall read the fifth of St. John, next Sunday.

The turkies get let out sometimes—Mary is going to bake to-day. We had some blackberry sweetmeat yesterday. When cousin E. came, some time ago, she said that she was going to send the children here. I wish there was always peace everywhere."

[VI.]

"I could not think what had become of you, you did not write for such a very long time—I suppose you were very busy, in London. We heard from the boys yesterday. You do write such short postscripts now—you used to write much

longer than you do now. I am afraid, when you come home, you will not find me much got on. I do not remember God half so much as I used to do, when you were at home. I do so very much wish that we could have those readings we used to have. I wish you would tell Kiddy not to flatter me—she will do it, and she does make me feel so very proud, and I do so want to be nearer God than I am now—do you think I am like what it says in that text, ‘Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall?’”

[VII.]

“I hope God has made me His own—I feel so much happier than I did. I wish I could write more to you, but there is not room—the little note is for Fanny’s little cousin. I so very much look forward to your coming home—I hope you will find me happier than when you went—I feel so very happy now that I know the Lord. Mamma is going to the P.s to-night. I often think of that text something like this, Blessed is he that saveth the soul of another, for he shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. I feel so much less frightened of the Lord’s coming than I was.”

Her last birthday was on Monday, November 8, 1858, and her brothers agreed to write their usual weekly letters, for her to read on that day, but in order to avoid their coming across the Sunday, they were to arrive at Torquay on Saturday, and remain unopened till the Monday. In his letter, her eldest brother, Robert, asked her how old she was.

The following was her answer:—

"How could you forget my age—I was ten last birthday. O Bobby, how I wish I could die while I am a little child, but still I ought not to be impatient, yet I long that my work was done, and that I was just going to Jesus, and never to be vexed with all the misery of this world, but I ought not to wish to go, because of that, but simply because of seeing Jesus."

When the first of December approached, the day year on which her Papa had died, she set her mind on working a book-marker for me, and told S. of her wish, who, thinking I should prefer her not getting things at the shops, for this purpose, advised her to write the words she wished on a slip of paper.—She accordingly wrote, "A father to the fatherless, and the husband of the widow," which she slipped, without my knowledge, into the Bible I was in the habit of using, so that I found it there, on the morning of December 1. It was immediately put to mark the place where I was reading, and in May, when dear Edith's Bible became mine, moved to mark my place of reading there.

We lately found a list of texts she had written out, headed with these words:—

"The texts I love best in the Bible."

(We give the texts or the references to them).—
"Matt. xi. 28.—Luke xv. 10.—He is the father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow.—Prov.

iii. 17.—Job iii. 17.—Psalm x. last part of verse 14.
—Isaiah xli. 18.—Isaiah xxxv. 10.—Isaiah xxvi. end
of verse 20.—Peace be still.—Mark xiv. beginning of
verse 38.— I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

After these texts, she added the following lines :—

“ O God, O good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.”

To this was added the following, chosen by her
for each of her family, (probably written from
memory, as inaccurately quoted.)

“Jan. 18.—‘Blessed are the meek for they shall
inherit the earth,’ Flory’s birthday.

Mamma’s birthday, ‘He is the father of the
fatherless, and the God of the widow.’

Papa’s, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant,
enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

Bobby’s, ‘Blessed are ye when men shall revile
you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of
evil falsely for my sake—Rejoice and be exceeding
glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so
persecuted they the prophets which were before
you.’

Kiddy’s, ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no
wise cast out.’

Freddy's, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth.'

Gallene's, 'But the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

Mine, 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

Milly's, 'Leave your fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let your widows trust in me.' "

We had all been anxious that an estate should be sold to some truly Christian man, especially as the advowson was included in it.—One arrangement having failed, we were anxious for the success of another, with a person whom we thought suitable. When we heard that he *was* likely to be the purchaser, we were all rejoicing, with perhaps too vehement and excited signs of pleasure, when she quietly slipped away to her own room, there to thank God, for having so ordered the disposal of the place and people.

During the winter, she wrote this letter to her brother Robert.—

"Gallene has told you, I think, that I have been trying to walk on the road to heaven—I do so long to be with Him—I wish that I could pray to God, with more earnestness. Gallene talks to me very often—I love to talk to her—I can tell her so much more what I feel—I like to talk to everybody

about what I love, at least to my brother and sister*—it won't, after all, perhaps, be very long before Jesus comes, and then how happy we shall be, when 'the wolf will lie down with the lamb'—it will be *such* a happy time—there are some texts I am so fond of—some are about the widows and the fatherless children. After all, it won't be long before we meet here again, and then we shall be able, perhaps, to talk about all that I love. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'—That is a most beautiful text. O I shall be so glad when I see you—I suppose you won't be able to write to me next time, but if you won't be able, I must look for the time after next.

Your most affectionate sister,
Elizabeth F. M.

Don't think I put two dashes under 'most' because I do not feel it, for I do.†

When her brothers were at home, at Christmas, we settled to read one or two hundred lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," every evening.—I used to stop and ask a question now and then, which showed who was attending. I almost invariably found that she could answer it. It was my habit to do this, with many others of the books, which

* When this brother was asked what she said, in these talks, his answer was, "I am so sorry that I cannot remember—I only know that she always spoke about Jesus, and heaven, in her own sweet way, and about His coming."

† She had doubly marked marked the word "most."

were more simple and suited to her age—I found her almost always ready with her reply. The power and energy of her mind were shown in a little class for learning the Latin grammar, we had among us. Though the youngest, and only ten years old, she was generally at the top, with others of sixteen and seventeen below her. Her mind was not pressed to these things—she seemed to do everything without effort, by the simple, steady application of a powerful mind. Her grief was great when, on one occasion, she failed to control her temper, at this class. Having lost her place at the top, she went rapidly down to the bottom; and being very much vexed about it, said it was unfair, and finally got up, and went out of the room, saying she would not say the Latin grammar in class. I spoke to her very strongly about it.—She went up to her room, where Selena followed her, and found her crying very much. She spoke with very much sorrow of what she had done, saying, “It is so inconsistent.” They had a long talk together, and when S. went into her own room, in the afternoon, she found a nosegay of primroses on her table, which dear Ba had put there, to express her thanks for her sympathy and help.

As she could do a plait which S. could not, she used to like to plait her hair for her, when she was going out.—When S. preferred another way, but

hesitated to undo what she had done, she said, "Oh no, mind you don't think about that."

The quiet interest that she took in Mr. Pitcairn's class for children, was marked by her listening attention, and the deeply serious, earnest look which it is impossible to describe, and which only those who saw can picture to themselves. This same look was noticed by others, Miss A. having seen it, when she had been reading the Bible with us—and remarked it to us.

Both the little sisters, especially the elder, used to take great pleasure in spending an hour every Thursday afternoon, at Miss A.'s little working-party, for the Irish Church Mission and Pastoral Aid Societies.

The following letters to her eldest sister, further describe her state of mind:—

"How very near it is to your coming home. F. gives her love to you, and says she will write next time. I want Jesus to come soon. I am not near so frightened as I was about His coming. . . . It makes me so much happier, when you are here, and I can tell you all my little sorrows. Those readings, we used to have, made me feel so very happy. Mrs. B. has come back."

Your most affectionate sister,

Elizabeth F. M.

"I am so very glad you are coming home so very soon, we shall be able to have talks so much sooner, as you are coming home, only next Tuesday. I feel so very happy, and I shall feel so much happier, when I can have somebody to tell everything to. I was talking with F. about religion, and she said she used to talk to Aunt S., but she says she is not at all happy about religion, and so I was thinking, when you come home, you might talk to her about it.—I do feel so very happy, it is so very pleasant to know that Jesus loves one. I never used to think of Christ's great mercy in coming down to earth, for all this world, when almost everybody hated Him so."

In the course of the spring, she was taken by some of our party to the Strand, at Torquay, where many people walk up and down, at that season of the year. A little while after she had returned, I found her curled up upon the rug before the fire, I thought she did not look quite happy, and asked once or twice, what was the matter, before she would give me any definite answer. At last she said, "It makes me unhappy to go amongst all those fine people." It was remarkable how much she kept in the background, except that she always liked the place nearest me, but from no other reason, but that she loved to be by my side.

The following letter is to her brother R., about this time.—

"What happiness to feel that each hour brings us nearer to Jesus, and to seeing Him. Sometimes I think, suppose I should not have come to Jesus, but oh, I trust I have sometimes felt able to say everything to God in prayer. Oh how happy are they who have run their course, and fall asleep in Jesus. Oh, I trust that my death-bed may not be doubts and fears, and that when I fall asleep, I may have been Christ's own lowly child.*—Oh how happy a little christian is, on her death-bed. Though her life was short, yet, in that short time, she glorified her Lord, and Jesus strengthened her much—it was He, who gave her strength to overcome, and she did overcome, trusting in her Lord. And to hear Him say at last, when all life's conflicts were over, then to hear Him say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' How happy is a Christian's death—so happy, would that I was there, among that happy throng—Oh would that I was there, joining with them in everlasting praise, but then I should not be able to glorify Him in bearing, but still what bliss that happy, happy mansion, and this world, oh what a difference, but still I must not be discontented—my Father hath given me my course to run, and I must wait His will."

When Mrs. H. was with us, and had become so weak as to be obliged to keep her room, our dear child spoke to her thus, on going to her room at night, "Has not Mamma been praying with you?" Mrs.

* This spirit was so given within, as to show itself in her outward appearance.—A friend says of her, "Indeed I think no one could help being attracted by her. The peaceful expression I so well remember, seemed to mark her as one of our Saviour's lambs."

H. said, "Yes Ba—she has." She then said, "Oh Mrs. H., how I should like to die, and be with Jesus—I do so LONG to be with Jesus." It was noticed by many that the longing thus expressed was to be seen in her countenance.—S. G. writes to one of our party thus, "Your Mamma was, one evening, reading a tract for the New Year, at the end of which, the time was referred to when Christ should come, and those who had done well should meet Him in the air—at that part, dear Ba looked up, with the most exquisite expression I think I ever saw."

If there were any with whom she was thrown in familiar intercourse, who did not show themselves as decided Christians, she would ask about them,—
"Is ——— God's child?"

Her unselfishness was most remarkable, though from her being the youngest and always extremely delicate, she was much considered by us all. One friend used to say, "You are *all* of you *always* spoiling her *all* day, and yet she isn't spoilt." This self-forgetting and yielding to the wishes of others were without any show, and even without any effort, or apparent struggle, on her part.—One day she was engaged to go out a long walk—just as she was starting, another plan was proposed, which I thought she was more likely to enjoy, and asked

her whether she would not like to put off the walk. She said, No, she should not give it up, and on my asking her whether she did not prefer the other, she said, quietly going out, "Yes, perhaps I should, but —— would be disappointed."

The two following letters were to her brother R——.

"April 20, 1859.

How near it is to your coming home—I wish it was the very evening of your coming, and then it would be near our long evenings and walks—how nice it will be your coming home this time. Don't you know why I think beautiful music makes one feel so much, thinking of heavenly music—I think God must have given us music, to make one think of those kind of things. I wish I could be more patient at all the little trials that must come across one's onward course. I like to think of God's being my Father, and I His child, and to think that He pities and loves me how much more than anybody else, and that He is always near, when we call Him to save us, and He is quite ready to hear us—He has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—I love that text so much, and a good many others too.

May 4, 1859.

I wish you were not going to stop as long as the 28th—Freddy says in his letter, I think, the 29th, but I suppose we must wait in patience. Somehow I don't feel right, just now—I don't think enough of God, but I trust that He will give His Holy Spirit to help and guide me."

In May, she was called to pass through deep waters, in the loss of the sister who was her constant companion. We think we see them now, as they took their last walk together, the younger one trying to help along, support, and comfort, and wait for her sister, whose strength was already failing, and to whom the walk was a very great effort. As we recal them to mind, in those rugged paths, side by side together, woods and rocks around, blue waters before them, and bright skies overhead, it seems to give us a view of their whole life, its efforts, difficulties, conflicts, trials, the love and comfort they were to one another—and a certain mixture of sunshine and beauty that was shed over their path.

Awhile did some twin sorrow chance to lower,
How light the trouble of your saddest hour,
Light as o'er yon blue flood, the breezes fly,
Darken awhile its silver breast, and die.

'Tis the same Pow'r, that piled that hoary steep,
A marble barrier to the waveless deep,
That kept your childhood's cheerful hours secure,
A safer shelter, and a rock more sure.

Truly "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Dear Ba was very quiet in her sorrow, at this time of anxiety and affliction, and used to glide in and out of her sister's room, just watching a little

by the side of her bed, and if anything was to be fetched or done, she was always both able, and ready to manage it.—Once she was even allowed to go down to the town to get some grapes, which she bought and carried up, with as much exactness as if she had been twice her age.

On one of the evenings of this sorrowful time of her sister's illness, she and S. were alone together, as they often were about this time, no others of the family being at home—S. asked her to sit by her, while she sang to her, then advised her to get some drawing to do, to which she answered, "I do not care for drawing," but soon afterwards, when S. looked back, from the piano-forte, she saw she had got out her drawing, and seated herself to the occupation, as she had been advised to do.

On the night of Thursday, (19th,) she begged to sit up, but was persuaded to lie down in the bed, with her things on. That night was spent by us in watching and prayer. She got up and joined us, at two o'clock, and came into dear Edith's room.—She went in and out, fetching anything that was required till morning, and, among other things, carried some tea to me and Mary, to refresh us after the night's watching—Mary asked if she had had some, herself,—she said, "No, but I am going to have some." As the day dawned, she and S. began to

hope that as consciousness and speech were returning, dear E. might be given back to our prayers, and they knelt down together in the room adjoining the sick room, and thanked God for sparing her, through the night.

As her sister's illness continued, and rather increased, her grief was more deep than violent. She seldom shed tears, yet it is to be feared that the feelings of that time told on her little feeble frame:

On the last day of life, and when consciousness had passed, she continued to watch, from time to time, by the bed of death. When it was plain that the last moment was near, she said, "Oh, I couldn't bear this, if I didn't love my Jesus." A few minutes after, seeing my distress, she came where I was standing, and laying her hand upon my arm, said earnestly, "Oh Mamma, we shall all so soon go too, *and every moment brings it nearer.*"

She often looked with great earnestness, affection, and wonderful composure, on the beautiful and placid features she had so loved in life, then calm, and more than peaceful in death. Many times did she kneel with us, and pray by the side of that beloved form, and it was not till she was called to part with it for the last time, that she entirely gave way, and burst into floods of tears.

We often remarked that when the necessary arrangements were made for her mourning, she never seemed to look at anything that was put upon her, only she expressed the wish that her veil should be of crape. When told she was too little for it, she said in the words she so often used, "I should *like* it." She used to look like a little mourner indeed, with this same crape veil drawn over her face, especially as she wore it on the first and second Sunday.—The first time we all went out was Sunday morning, when we took her down with us to the early Sacrament, though of course *she* stayed in the pew.

At this time, she wrote, as follows, to her brothers.

"My dearest Bobby and Freddy,

It makes me so lonely to lose my darling Kiddy—it is not right to murmur at what God does—I hope we shall all meet her there—how happy she is now, resting in His bosom—she looks so *very* beautiful—so different from the general Kiddy that used to be—she is so calm—so peaceful—it is so nice to think that she is there. . . . When one knows all that she said, I am sure, as far as one can be sure, that she is one of His lambs. I hope God will comfort and help you both—I think it was so merciful of God to let me have been at home, because if I had been away, and not to have been able to see her would have been so fearful, and on that Thursday the —a had asked me to go there, and if I had gone, how dreadful it would have been for me, and thankful we ought to be that God gave her back her speech, because if she had been

trying to speak and then not to have been able would have been most fearful. I trust God will help you—it must be most trying to have to go on with such work, and all the time feeling so unhappy.

Your most affectionate sister,

Elizabeth F. M.

May 27, 1859."

It was probably the beginning of June, or even more immediately after her dear little sister's death, that alone and in secret she thus, in her simple way, poured out her feelings.*—

"That calm, that heavenly calm—gently the Lord is taking our darling to Himself—life is gently falling—and Kiddy, my own, own is going to be with Jesus for ever at rest—the last moment of life is come—oh see the gently falling of Kiddy into His arms—the colour has left her cheeks, and she is gone to a world of joys. Oh what a heavenly look, that tells of heaven, that tells of joys, as yet to us unseen, unknown. But what she is enjoying—oh I wish that the conflict was past, and that I was where you are, in Jesus' bosom, waiting till that joyful day, when we shall all meet again, and be never, never separated, when she (will) be perfect in His likeness, and He will reign.

Darling Kiddy, darling, thou art gone to a world beyond the sky, where sorrow cannot reach that happy, happy land, where all is joy and love, where you can love God fully, who redeemed you from death, and has taken you to be ever happy with Him in glory, and He has saved me too, darling, and I

* We did not discover these papers till many weeks after they were written. The words that are in brackets are put in, as they seem to have been, by mistake, omitted.

hope I shan't be long, before I come too, and can see His face, and praise Him for all that (He) has done.—Oh what could we have done without Him, if He had not died to save us all. You can see Papa perhaps—oh, when will Jesus come, and take us too, (to) be with Him for ever happy, where we shall all meet again, and those we love can never part again.

There is a land above, where sorrow cannot come, where tears are never seen by those who love our Lord—there partings never come—woe never dares enter that peaceful, happy shore. O let us look forward to that time, when our Father wipes away our tears—there no grief can come, where the mourners mourn no more, soon shall we enter that peaceful, happy home—to think that we may call it home—Kiddy perhaps will welcome us there—shouldn't we wish to be where a Father is, who has (died) to save us, and at last will (take us) to that happy (place.) He keeps our (souls,) while yet on earth. How soon we fall asleep, and wake again, in peace in His bosom, in His arms, and till that joyful day . . . He *may* come soon, and take us home with Him."

During the week that our house was closed, she employed herself in reading little Missionary books that Mrs. B. had given her—the first thing, besides this, that she afterwards took an interest in, was the patchwork, she and her dear sister used to make together. That she might practically interest herself in Missionary work, Mrs. B. gave her a little Missionary box, which she took, a few weeks afterwards, to collect from some little friends, who undertook to carry it to all in the house, and who brought it back,

next day, quite heavy.—She was pleased at this, and interested in hearing that one of the servants had given a halfpenny.

On June 12, S. speaks in her journal of the talk she had with her thus, “I talked with Ba, sweet little thing—she saying she was so cold, and, lamenting not having a sense of sin, &c., ‘like Kiddy.’”

On the evening of this day she felt headache, which was the beginning of the feverish attack which she had at this time.—She at first thought that it arose from having her veil close drawn, during the service at church. The next day, feeling ill, she said to me, “Do you think I shall die?” This expression and her scrupulous fear of not speaking quite accurately the truth, during this little attack of low fever may possibly show that the depression of the body hindered her from that full enjoyment she had been accustomed to have. Also the exceeding suddenness of her illness, (she was in church the day before,) and having so lately watched her little sister suffer a similar attack of fever, and pass away, might make her first feeling one of solemn awe. After a few days, she recovered.

In a week or two, a little companion who used to be dear Edith’s especial friend, came to hear from

her particulars of her sister's last days. She talked with the little child in the garden alone, a long time, and fetched Longfellow's Poems to read to her. Probably, she read the one beginning,

"There is no flock, however watched and tended," which she used to repeat, and of which she was very fond. We believe that she tried, on many occasions, to speak to this little friend on the subjects she herself loved, especially on one Sunday, when they went to church together. We were told by another friend, that while she was in health she had talked to her servant and little girl, about spiritual things, and especially told them about her dear Papa and his last illness. She used to get opportunities with others in the house, to speak to them on the same subjects, and would afterwards sometimes express the fear, so often felt by older persons, lest she should seem inconsistent, after these attempts to stand on the Lord's side. Yet so much otherwise was the effect of her conduct, that one person to whom she had thus spoken, said that *she* would be ready if she were to be summoned now, adding, "She is a dear angel child," and "How wonderful to see so *young* a child such a perfect christian."

Sometimes, when she had been over-tired in the day, and felt exceedingly weary, she would send for

S. to come and see her in her room at night, and ask whether she thought she might shorten her prayers, or even only say the Lord's prayer. She also sometimes asked her whether she thought some things she remembered to have said in the day were quite truthful.

She was always indisposed for going out and playing with other children, but now she was so more than ever, and once when it was proposed to her to go to some little children near us, she said, "Oh no, I don't want to go,—I can enjoy nothing now without Kiddy." Thinking it would brace and refresh her, we often tried in vain to persuade her to go with some of our party, on the water. The only child's pleasure that she took any interest in was playing with a white kitten, which Mrs. B. had given her. She used to like to nurse it, and see it climb the trees around us in the garden, saying once, with a sort of pride of her cat, "My kitten has climbed a tree." The little creature became very fond of her, and it was touching indeed to see the determination with which it used to try to get into her room, when she had taken to her bed, and dear Ba looked as if she heard me with some sort of interest, only the day before her death, when I said to Mary, "The white kitten has been in the room."

It was our habit in the hot weather, to sit all together, and read and work under a medlar tree in the garden. In the cool of the evening, walking at this time on the Warberry hills, we spoke, with mournful pleasure, of the large quantity of her dear sister's hair, which we had. She said, "I shall spend my ten shillings upon what I have of it,"—meaning that it should be made up with a half sovereign that had been given her, and which she had kept for a year and a half, intending to spend it upon something that she should greatly prize. She much enjoyed the only two *long* walks she took during this summer, and was unusually playful.

I proposed to her to read "Rivers in the Desert,"* in the afternoons to the servants. She did so once or twice, but finding difficulties, and being shy about it, it was given up. Afterwards I read the book to her, generally sitting in the garden. She took the deepest interest in it. Sometimes when I proposed another book, she said, "I should *like* the Burmah book best."—(It was by this name she called it.) I had just finished it, when she took to her bed, in her last illness. Latterly, that the air might refresh her, I took her to read it under the shade of an oak-tree, in a beautiful valley not far off. Once, the

* Baillie's deeply interesting account of the Burman Mission and the devoted Judson and Boardman.

rest of our party joined us there, and we remember that particular hour spent together, at the foot of the hill, as a bright gleam shed on our path, during this dreary summer. About this time I finished reading to her "The Book and its Story," which Flory had begun with her, in June.

On the day that our house was unclosed, (June 3,) I told them all, after breakfast, that I thought we should try and make some change in the way of improvement. One thing that it struck me to do was that we should each go up, for our separate Bible reading directly, and before any other occupation had been allowed to intervene. She did so, from the first day, with remarkable exactness and perseverance. She asked S. what part of the Bible she should advise her to read, (as she had finished St. John,) Isaiah was named. The marks in her Bible, as well as the length of time spent in this exercise, show how her whole mind was in it, and the interest and comfort it gave her. Some of these marks have especial reference to her afflicted circumstances, others appear to unite, with such feelings, those of realizing the bright prospect, that was so near herself, such as this, "He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears, from off all faces, &c," "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God, we have waited for

Him, and He will save us, &c." "We will be glad and rejoice in His salvation." The gentle, loving spirit of peace and tranquillity, which the grace of God had wrought in her, seems to have taken particular delight in the descriptions of the reign of Christ on earth, the Prince of Peace. Almost all passages are marked which clearly describe it, such as, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb." &c. &c., the whole indeed of the 11th chapter. Also, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty—they shall behold the land that is very far off," and "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick;" the whole of chapter xxxv; many verses in those beautiful chapters xl., xli., xlii., xliii., and xliv., also many in chapters lxiii. and lxv. The last verse that she appears to have marked, in these her morning readings, was Jer. iii. 19. "But I said, How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations, and I said, Thou shalt call me My Father, and shalt not turn away from me." We cannot but be reminded of the meek and filial cry for help, in her last days of fever and weakness, which was simply "Our Father." She had probably gone straight on to the book of Jeremiah, after finishing Isaiah. Some of her marks are put with an energy and almost vehemence of feeling, which seldom characterised her. Some-

times the marks on the side of the verse are so many as to fill the whole margin. This enthusiasm of feeling was especially shown, when the subject of the Lord's coming and His reign upon earth was spoken of. We remember it vividly, on one particular occasion, July 25, when she went with us, as she often wished to do, to the Monday prayer meeting in Trinity school-room, when Mr. Walker expounded 1 Thess. i. He directed us to be looking for, and listening, and trying to catch the first sound of the Lord's approaching chariot wheels. Our dear child was deeply interested. When she came home, she spoke as if her whole soul was kindled into longing for the Lord's return.

The last Sunday she was able to go to church was the 7th of August. After that, she had an inflammation in the eyes, the beginning, though we knew it not, of an affection of the mucous membrane.

In the evening of August 31, she took leave of her brothers, as they were to go early the next morning back to Rugby. B. was kissing her, and, thinking that she was not sufficiently taking leave of him, said, "You know, Ba, I shan't see you again, in the morning." She ran out of the room, with the tears in her eyes, saying, "Bobby, you'll make me cry." She did, however, see him again,

the next morning, as they were too late for the early train. Thus finished the intercourse of the brothers on earth with the little sister they had so carefully tended, and so earnestly loved, and all the delight they had been wont to have in carrying out chairs, and even a sofa, for her to lie on in the garden, often carrying herself backwards and forwards to it. It was no ordinary sight too, to see her curled up upon the knee, sometimes of one, and sometimes of the other, either stroking them and playing with them, or nestling down, as if it was her place of rest.

She recovered from the affection of the eyes in about ten days, but notwithstanding all the measures that were adopted by the physicians, and by ourselves, the digestive powers remained disordered.

On Sunday evening, September 4, when we were all gone to church, she tried to sing a hymn. When it grew rather dark, Mary asked if she should get a candle, but as she was lying close to the window, she said, "Oh no, don't shut out all out there—I like to look at the stars." When a little thing of four years old, it was a saying long remembered as hers, when she was driving home, in the coming starlight, "More stars, Kiddy—look up."

On September 5, she said only a few words to S. about its being her birthday. With her usual consideration, she probably remembered that I had not

encouraged the continuing the observance of birthdays, when she had referred to *her own*, saying, "I will do that, on my little birthday." Her brothers spoke of this care for others' feelings, in their first letter, after hearing of her death, thus, "We often think of her sweet ways and words, and cannot remember anything she ever said or did that *could* give others pain. May we follow her as she followed Christ."

On this day, September 5, she became feverish, but I thought so little of it that I asked her if she could not come with me to Dr. M's, that he might be aware of this change. She said, in her little willing way, she thought she could, but happily I determined to be on the safe side, and not put her to this exertion, and went to him myself alone. He came to see her almost immediately, and perceiving that the symptoms were not favourable, told her to go to bed early, and not to get up the next day till he had seen her. She never had her things on afterwards, but was sometimes brought down in blankets, to lie on the sofa. One day, while lying there, she was a good deal teased by the flies, and said in her little low, meek voice, "The flies should not worry me so, I don't worry them." I brought down her worsted-work, to let her try and do a little—she did only a few stitches, and the needle

now remains, as she then set it in. Flory had set out the draughts to play with her.—She said, “My poor little head,” and was obliged to give it up. We still hoped she might go with S. and Mary to Dawlish, for change of air, which she liked the idea of.

When lying on the sofa, at this time of the beginning of her illness, she used sometimes to speak to Mary, (when she was giving her food,) and to all but me, with somewhat less gentleness than was her habit, and even with some approach to irritability. At such times, she used to look at S., and say, “I am very sorry, Gallene,” probably thinking it inconsistent with the communings they had had together, though, in truth, had the expressions been used by any one but her, they would not have appeared unusual.

She used still to have talks, (though of no great length,) with S., of the same kind that we have named before, and a particularly interesting one, on September 7.—The exact nature of it is forgotten, but she probably expressed her grief that her feelings were not so lively, nor her love so warm as they used to be. She had, for many weeks past, seemed to feel thus the languor of weakness oppressing her mind, which was so evident in ordinary things, that we had remarked to one

another, she had lately taken no interest in anything. As her illness increased, and this languor became absolute exhaustion, her feelings and mental powers were in some measure overborne, or at least were only able, at times, to express themselves in short and broken sentences.

She used sometimes to say, "I lie here, and do nothing."—S. answered, "I know, you dear, you can't *do* anything, but God is giving you something to *bear* for Him now."—She said, "Yes, but I don't bear it." As S. was kneeling by her sofa, talking to her, she suddenly threw both her little arms round her neck, and kept them so for two or three minutes. Having one day, in her restlessness, often asked S. to settle her blankets, she said, more than once, in her little apologetic way, "Oh Gallene, how I must bother you."

Finding her weakness and sickness increased, further medical opinion and attendance were obtained. Shortly before, she had so felt her weakness that, during one of her talks, (the last she ever had with S.,) she said, "I never half attend to my prayers now." Something of this kind she had expressed, with regret, throughout the summer. It is remarkable how *both* the little sisters dwelt upon this, in their last illness.—What must it be to have left prayer, and being sure for eternity, till a time like this!

On September 14, both physicians told me they were very anxious about her, referring to the exceeding weakness of her constitution, and fearing she would not have strength to rally after the attack itself was past. She ceased, on this day, to be brought down in her blankets to the sofa. She took only milk and lime-water;—beef-tea and other nourishment was tried without success.

About this day, she moved into one of the largest and most airy rooms. Miss M. brought her some pretty little shells on Wednesday, she seemed pleased, and looked at them a little. September 16, (Friday,) was a better day. She took an interest in choosing some shells, which another friend had sent her, and arranged them, in little paper boxes, which she watched me make for her. While doing so, she said, "Why don't you cut more out of the pretty blue?" Finding I shrank from amusing her with what had been connected with our mourning for dear E., she entered directly into my feelings, and said, "Oh then shall I take that one out?" (meaning the blue one that I had made.) When she was tired of the shells, she asked to look at some pictures. I began about this time reading to her the second volume of "The Fairchild Family." She seemed to enjoy it; I continued reading a little of it to her every day. When Sunday came, she

asked if it was a Sunday book, I told her I thought so quite, when any one was so sick, and unable to listen to most things, as she was. We had nearly finished the volume about a week before she was taken from us, when she said, "That's enough." I left off, and never read to her again. It was remarkable that it was in the middle of a story of a gentle and holy child, (little Evelyn,) whose character had been made by the grace of God, to shew the same heavenliness and love, which were so eminent in her.

Selena began from this time to sit with her, early in the morning. She expressed much fear, lest, by coming to her so early, S.'s time for prayer should be taken up. She had felt a great dislike, throughout her illness, to my ever leaving her, and sometimes even going away from her bedside. I tried to make it plain to her that I never would leave her, and that even if she missed me from her sight, I should only be gone into the adjoining room, where I should be within hearing. One day she was so anxious about it, that I was obliged to promise her that I would not go off that floor. When she said once, "Do not leave me," I answered, "My darling, I wonder how many thousands I would take to leave you." One day when I thought she was a little better, I said, in her hearing, "I am going round the kitchen gar-

den." Unwilling to spare me, she said, "Mamma, don't go round the kitchen garden," when of course I gave up doing so. She one day said, "Do you love me? I do love you so excessively," and once expressed her love by saying, "Bless you," and another time, when I told her I would not leave her to go down to tea, but have it brought up, she said, "God bless you." One day she said, "I don't like you to leave me," and I thought, added, "I don't want to leave you."

On Saturday, (17th,) a little cousin brought her some grapes that had been given to her, she said, "How very kind," when told that she had saved them for this purpose, and began eating a few, and liked them very much. When I had *sent* for grapes for her, she did not like the idea of their having cost so much. She was very feverish, both this day and the next. Her cousin E. brought her some illustrations of "Pilgrim's Progress" on Monday. She tried to look at the first picture, but could do no more.

In the evening, M. leaned over and kissed her, when she was feeling tired by having been carried from the next room. She felt disturbed by it, and expressed it, by saying, "That will do, Milly." Immediately, feeling that she had not spoken very kindly, she said, "Darling Milly," and added, "I love Milly."

On this evening, two of her sisters went to the Prayer-Meeting—Mr. Fayle spoke beautifully and very earnestly, commending her to God, as one in youth, and also saying how all constitutions and all man's skill were in God's hand. She had also been prayed for at his church, on the two or three previous Sundays. All through her illness, I had read to her the Psalm that occurred in my daily reading, and had prayed with her, night and morning. Whenever she thought it was going to be omitted, she always said, "You havn't prayed." I remember particularly speaking to her a few words, when I had read to her the 45th Psalm, upon the 13th verse of it, "The King's daughter is all glorious within—her clothing is of wrought gold," saying that that beautiful clothing was the holiness with which God adorned His church and people. I used always to point out to her the marked verses, in dear Edith's Bible, as we came to them, and said to her, "I feel as if her little spirit was saying them to me."—I think she said, "Yes." When the fever was highest, the prayer that she had before been so pleased that I should have with her, was too much for her, and I did not attempt it. Once indeed, she herself said she could not bear any more. Some days after I said to her, "Shall we have three words of prayer, or are

you not equal to it?" She said, "I am equal." The last entire Psalm I had read with her, happened to be that beautiful and most suitable one, Psalm lxi. Latterly the whole Psalm was too much for her, and she asked to hear only the verses marked with darling Edith's marks.

Whenever, in the fever or afterwards, her distress was very great, or when she was raised for food, or for any other purpose, she used to say, "Our Father,"* and sometimes to repeat the words, "Our Father, our Father," occasionally leaving the last word unfinished. Sometimes she used to say this so indistinctly, that I thought at first she was calling upon her Papa.—When under the fever, she used often to repeat over the same words.—In this way, one night, when she was going off into a doze, I heard her say, "How God has helped me—how He has helped me—how . . ."

Once, about this time, she said, "Bless dear Mamma." Also, as her little sister had done, she, one day, smoothed with her little fingers the curl of my hair. It was curious that both should have done it in their illness, as they were never in the habit of

* There was more than usual force and meaning in these words as she used them, for when she no longer had an earthly father, with child-like simplicity and with the promises before her, she claimed in *heaven* a Father's care and love.

touching it. Like dear E., too, she asked for a story—I told her about M.'s going to Seaton, when she was a child. One day, she said to me, "Will you have your tea with me to-night?" I said, "Yes surely I will." When however the time came, I thought it better to go down, leaving Mary with her, and asked her whether I might, and she said, "Yes."

On Tuesday, (20th.) Dr. T. first came to see her, (having been away from Torquay.) After he was gone, she said twice, "I do love Dr. T. so excessively."

The next day she said to me, "Oh, where are your locket?*" missing them from my neck—I said, "I have put them one on each side, for when they were in front, they knocked against my brooch, and I was so afraid they would wake you," showing her how I had put them.—She looked that little meek and pleased look, which seemed to say she liked me to take such care of her.

Dr. T. concluded his visit on Thursday, by saying to her, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

She said about this time, "I am afraid I get to think too much of myself."—I said, "My darling, you cannot help it, when you are so ill you must

* Mine and dear Edith's lockets, containing her father's hair.

think about yourself." She said, "Oh, but I think I am." When any one sent anything to her, or pleased her in any way, she used to say, (like her dear sister,) "Kind."

On Friday, (23rd.) Flory was standing by her bed, and said, "You're much better to-day."—She said, "Yes, I feel as if I should like to get up." When F.' kissed her, she said several times, "Darling," and once or twice, when she was going away, said, "Don't go."

One evening, Milly heard her say, "Our Father," adding, "I ought not to say that, ought I?" (perhaps fearing impatience, or an irreverent use of the word, in a simple cry of suffering.) I said, "Oh yes, darling, Jesus taught it us in the Lord's prayer."

On the evening of Friday, when she was suffering much from sickness, she said, as she was so often in the habit of doing, "Our Father," and went on, as she sometimes did, "Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come." Mary, who was leaning on the bed by her, helped her to remember the rest of the prayer, which she said on, till she had got to, "Forgive us our trespasses." She then went back, and repeated several times the words, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," and at length finished the whole prayer.

She was ordered to try and take some sweet cider.—She held the glass in her own hand, and when she drank it said, "Delicious." To our dismay, however, the sickness returned shortly after. About this time, the fever greatly disappeared.—She had a great deal of sleep, and my hope was, that she would, by this means, be soothed and restored, and would soon rally, the more so, as Dr. T. proposed trying bottled beer, and everything that would promote the keeping up of the system. I remember, however, once looking at her, as she lay asleep, and being greatly shocked by the extreme emaciation of her features.

On Saturday morning, I showed her the worsted-work, which had been a pleasant occupation to her, in her failing strength. She just looked at it, and as I put it by, she said, "Are all the four balls there?"

In the afternoon, she asked me, "Do you think I shall live through it?" I said, "You make me sorry by asking that—I am afraid you don't feel so well." She said, "Yes I do—I think I shall." I said, "God can give you strength to bear up under this fever—I ask Him very often." She said, "Ask Him now"—I knelt down, and did so. She lay still for a little. Her own Bible was within her sight, and happened to be lying beside dear Edith's

—I think she feared I should lay aside the use of E.'s, for hers, as I had done another for E.'s, so she said, "Mamma, you will never let Kiddy's Bible go out of your hands." I said, "What can make you think I should—never, while I live."

That evening, I first noticed the spent look, with which she was lying in the bed. I had observed the same thing in others, when the vital strength was gone, as if the limbs fell upon one another in the bed, for want of any vigour to sustain them. I named it to S., and told her I had noticed it in her dear Grandmamma, before she died. The next evening, I observed the same thing, and felt additionally anxious.

On Sunday night, her sleep was much disturbed, we thought by the storm, as it was a very rough night, and she had been allowed to have her window a little open, to promote sleep.

Monday, (26th.) When Selena went out from sitting with her as usual early in the morning, she said, "Thanks, darling, thanks." This was the last time S. ever sat with her, in that way.

About three o'clock, she said to me, "You are sure I am safe?" I said, "Do you mean your *soul* safe?" She said, "Yes."—I said, "My darling, you are resting upon Jesus, and there you must be safe.—Are you not?" She said, "I *trust* I am— I *trust*

I am."—I said, "'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

By the middle of the afternoon, I became exceedingly anxious, thought her much weaker, and sent for Dr. T. to come a second time.—He did so, with Dr. B. They seemed to think the vital energies *beginning* to sink, but that upon the whole, there was no sudden change, on that particular day. I telegraphed for her brothers, but they feared they should hardly get permission to come, and determined not to attempt it.

She looked with loving enquiry at S., who had been crying, at seeing her so exhausted. Miss A. came about six, and stayed the night.—She came early on Tuesday morning into her room, and seemed alarmed by her appearance of extreme weakness, and took an opportunity of ascertaining the medical opinion of her state, which was, that there was no *immediate* danger. When Selena sat with her, in the morning, she opened her eyes, and seemed to revive a little. S. said, "God loves you so much—you have long been His child."—She spoke, but the words were indistinct—they appeared to be, "God have mercy."

Monday had been a wet, oppressive day.—The failure of her strength had been, in some little measure, attributed to this. Tuesday was very fine,

and the report of her state was a little more hopeful—Dr. T. even spoke of the possibility of taking her in his carriage, wrapped in blankets, to Babbicombe, as he said he had known instances, in which change of air had done wonders in the state in which she then was, though he seemed doubtful whether she had strength to bear it. Her sisters went to settle about lodgings. Once to-day she said, as if the sudden anxiety struck her, “Are my lockets* safe?” I said, “Yes, I have got them—I look at them every night.” She looked much pleased.—She said, “May I have a new ribbon to my lockets? it’s so worn—it is not safe,” thanking me when I said, “Yes.”

On Wednesday morning, she slept a good deal. Not knowing it was the effect of laudanum, we hoped she would be refreshed and strengthened. The weather was unfavourable, but as it cleared in the afternoon, we began again to hope she might be allowed to go, but when Dr. T. came, he said he must wait till he saw an improvement for four and twenty hours, before he could venture. The account, that morning, was that the pulse was weaker, but that it might be caused by the laudanum. Seeing her smile, (I believe for the last time,) I

* One of these contained her Papa’s, and the other her sister Edith’s hair. She used always to wear them together round her neck.

said, "That smile is worth more than I can say." She said, "Darling Mamma."

S. asked Dr. M. whether he would use his skill in painting, in taking some little portrait of her. He was very kind, but said he did not think he could help us, himself, and advised a photograph. Flory made arrangement for this to be done on the following morning.

I was standing behind her, holding something for her, when, not seeing me, she said, "Oh I wish somebody was here," and repeated it again.—I said, "I am here, my darling—shall I send for Mary? she will be here directly—who do you want?" She answered, "I do not know." I said, "The Lord says, 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world,'—He is with you." She answered, "Yes, yes, yes—I know,"—and whispering, "He is."

Miss A. again spent the night with us, that she might advise with, and direct us, in what we did for our dear child. About eleven o'clock, I said to her, "I trust God will give you sweet sleep—that He will give His beloved sleep." She looked sweetly drinking it in, and said, "Darling Mamma." I said those all-sustaining words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." She said, with the same look, "Thank you." In the course of the night, feeling very unhappy, Selena and I had some prayer together.

When S. went to her, on Thursday morning, she gave her a sweet, recognising look, as she had also done the morning before, and said, "Darling," in an earnest tone.—S. returned her affectionate expression with great warmth. She then repeated the word "Darling," with her own old look of deep affection. When her other two sisters came to her, Milly said, "I have looked out some verses in the Bible to say to you,—this is one, "'Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.''" She closed her eyes, as if listening. M. then said, putting her arms round her neck, and kissing her; "*Dear Baby!* Milly, you love Milly, don't you?" She said, "Yes." Miss A. went in and said two or three texts. She looked with listening interest. Miss A. added, "You can look up to Jesus." She said, "Yes." When this dear friend took leave of her, our darling child said, "Good bye," and with her eyes watched her out of the door.

After consultation, permission was given us to move her down into a little bed placed for her in the drawing-room, to try how she bore moving, with the view, if possible, of getting her to Babbicombe. When Mary was carrying her to the top of the stairs, she looked unhappy, and began to cry. She however seemed satisfied, when I

assured her that she would be perfectly quiet in the drawing-room, that no one would be allowed to come in. She bore the carrying down very well, which was greatly owing to Mary's gentleness and skill in managing it. Soon after she was settled, I told her a person was come to take a photograph of her—asking if she would let him come in—saying he would be very quiet, and she should not be disturbed. She looked pleased, and said, "Yes." Her three sisters used to stand at the door and look at her, without her seeing them, as the bed was so placed that they could do so. We could hardly think it was the chamber of sickness and death, when we looked upon her, sleeping in her little bed, in those bright rooms, which were shaded, so that only gleams of sunshine could come in. As the evening drew on, we were afraid it would become too late to remove her. When Dr. T. and Dr. B. came, though they said she was a little better, they did not allow her to be moved.

The next day, (Friday) was wet and blustering. We observed that she drew herself down low in the bed, a sad symptom of her extreme weakness. The account of her was not so good, and we noticed that she varied every other day; the night too had been a bad one. It was thought advisable to thin her

hair, as so much of it weakened her. She did not seem to like the idea of this, either now or on a former occasion, when it had been done, earlier in her illness. Referring to it, she said, "And this after three weeks," and repeated it again. (She had been ill that length of time.) She seemed to feel distressed by the weariness and exhaustion, and said, "Oh, it is so long." A little after, when she had been very sick, she said, "I shall die." I said, "If you should, my darling, you will go to Jesus." She answered, "I hope I shall." I said, "and see Papa and Kiddy." She answered, "I hope I shall,—I hope I shall."

When Flory was looking into the room, later in the day, Mary asked dear Ba if she would like her to come in. She said, "Yes," aloud, when Mary beckoned her in, and she stood close to her, where they could see one another. She looked very much at her, when F. said, "Darling," and kissed her. In the afternoon the pulse had become very feeble. We brought another little bed down, that she might be moved from one to the other, and saved fatigue.

In the evening I heard her say, "For Jesus Christ's sake," with extreme reverence and earnestness. I have since thought this was a cry for mercy on her in her sufferings, but then supposing it was for her soul, I said, "Do you wish God to forgive your sins, for

Jesus Christ's sake?" She answered, "Yes, I do." I said, "Shall I ask Him?" and then prayed thus, "Oh God, forgive this dear child for Jesus Christ's sake, and take her to heaven when she dies, to be with Thee for ever,—and with her papa and her sister, happy, blessed, glorious." In the course of the evening, I heard a few words fall from her once, "'Tis gone that bright and orbèd blaze," (I think she, by mistake, said, "wave") When Dr. B. came at ten o'clock, he did not think it necessary to stay the night, which I had been anxious he should do.

Saturday morning. She seemed very ill, and sighed a good deal, betokening exhaustion. When suffering from sickness, &c., she said, "Our Father," I said, "He will help you, my darling, He has promised it. He will sustain you in all these sufferings—your Father in Christ." She looked at S., as she was kneeling beside her, though not with so bright a look of recognition as a day or two before. The report in the afternoon was, "no better." All hope of her recovery seemed taken from me, and I was much overwhelmed all the evening. At night when she was very ill, almost exhausted, I said, "Jesus will sustain you. He will be with you,—He died for you." She said, "I know."* We believe this was

* 2 Tim. i. end of verse 12. 2 Cor. v. 1. Job. xix. 25, 26.

her last distinct expression, in connection with her eternal hopes.

Fearing exhaustion, I sent for Dr. B. at four o'clock on Sunday morning. He found her however not worse than the night before. S., while sitting with her, on this morning, noticed how much better and more like herself she seemed, and was again cheered by getting her old look of love. I now never left my place on a low stool by her little bedside, thinking she would sleep with more confidence, if assured of finding me there, on waking. She looked pleased, when she saw some tea and bread brought me *there* for my breakfast.

The account of her this morning was, "a little better." She said, "Good bye," to Dr. T. as he was going out. This being a very fine day, she was allowed to lie in the open window, slightly sheltered from the air and light. Her sisters often came into the room, by the opened window, or looked at her from it. Dr. B. thought that a favourable turn might take place, and that the nourishment was beginning to tell upon her. She said a whispered good bye to him, when we asked her to do so. In the afternoon, S. gazed at her from the window, exchanging with her looks sweeter than can be expressed, and though we little knew it, it was for the last time. I said, "Don't, you'll tire her, I won't

have any more of those communications," feeling hope rising once more, when I saw my darling child able thus to enter into, and return her sister's affectionate looks. During the afternoon, her sisters came in. On Flory sitting down by her, where I always sat, she said, "Mamma," very low, meaning that place was mine. She also said aloud, "Mary is gone," when she went to the other end of the room.

In the evening S., Mary, and I moved her into her little bed for the night, little thinking it was for the last time. In doing so, S. kissed her little feet. She then dosed a little, but soon startled us by saying, "Oh dear." The same kind friend, who had come to us before, again spent the night with us. The medical report, which was given on her enquiry, was, "not so well," and the grave look with which this was accompanied, as well as the directions given to Mary in case of exhaustion, showed that the worst was to be feared. Miss A. advised with us, as we noticed she could not sleep. At length, however she slept for half an hour, and woke about one o'clock; when we tried to give her the cordial, but found she had difficulty in swallowing, we sent for Dr. E., who came about two o'clock in the morning, but on enquiry, found nothing more could be done. During the hour he stayed, he however suggested little helps and alleviations. M. and F. were called some time before.

Among several things I said to her, before she seemed to cease to hear, was the question, "Is Jesus with you?" and I put down my ear close, to listen. She, however, did not answer, perhaps did not hear. S. immediately leant over and said, "Jesus *is* with you." I also remember saying, "I have loved you so very, very much, but Jesus loves you far more—He holds you so fast in His arms, and takes such care of you." F. said to her the text she had loved—"Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I told her sisters they might each say one text. M. said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Miss A. also said a line or two of that hymn, "Just as I am," and several texts, but a dimness has overshadowed our memories, so that we can accurately remember little that passed during that night of anguish. Dawn and daylight found us still hanging over that precious little form, where the breath still was, but where little else of life remained. She was lying facing the window, on her left side, with her head turned rather upward, and her eyes raised. I still held her hands, thinking she had been used to feel a protection in this. We fanned her by turns.

Seeing a flush come over her face, we feared there might be sufficient consciousness to feel distress at

the laboured breathing, and sent again for Dr. E. to know if such was likely to be the case. He sent word he was persuaded there was no suffering. An hour or two afterwards, I had scarcely perceived that any one had come into the room, when Dr. E. put his hand in mine, saying, "She is an angel going to be among angels."

The breathing had been getting quicker for some time, and about half-past twelve, it seemed to be less deep. In a few more minutes, she was where she had so longed to be, with Jesus, "in joy unspeakable, and full of glory." We commended her to God, in the same words that were used when her blessed sister's spirit was departing. The look of suffering was, in one minute, exchanged for that covering of heavenliness, that seemed to pass over her features, and to say, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory."

The Christian friend who watched with us through the night, thus spoke of that solemn yet blessed time, "I so often seem to see the dear child and all of you around her. Oh, it was a blessed night, for God was with us, and His eye was resting on that scene of sorrow to *you*, but of blessedness to *her* whose spirit was being emancipated—angels waiting for it, and Jesus with arms of love waiting to receive it."

2 Cor. iv. 18.

Written by a friend on hearing of her death.

A wearied Lamb at rest
On grassy bed ;
A dove reared in our nest,
Far upward fled.

A tender plant that sprang
In our own bowers,
Is blossoming among
Unfading flowers.

A little bark, storm-driven,
Has reached the shore,
A fair star shines in heaven,
Our light no more.

A childish form all still,
In sleep profound,
Upon the heavenly hill
An angel crown'd.

A sweet voice silent—mute
At evening prayer,
Another golden lute
Is sounding *there*.

A tender Shepherd leads
The lamb we love,
A heavenly hand still feeds
Our parted dove.

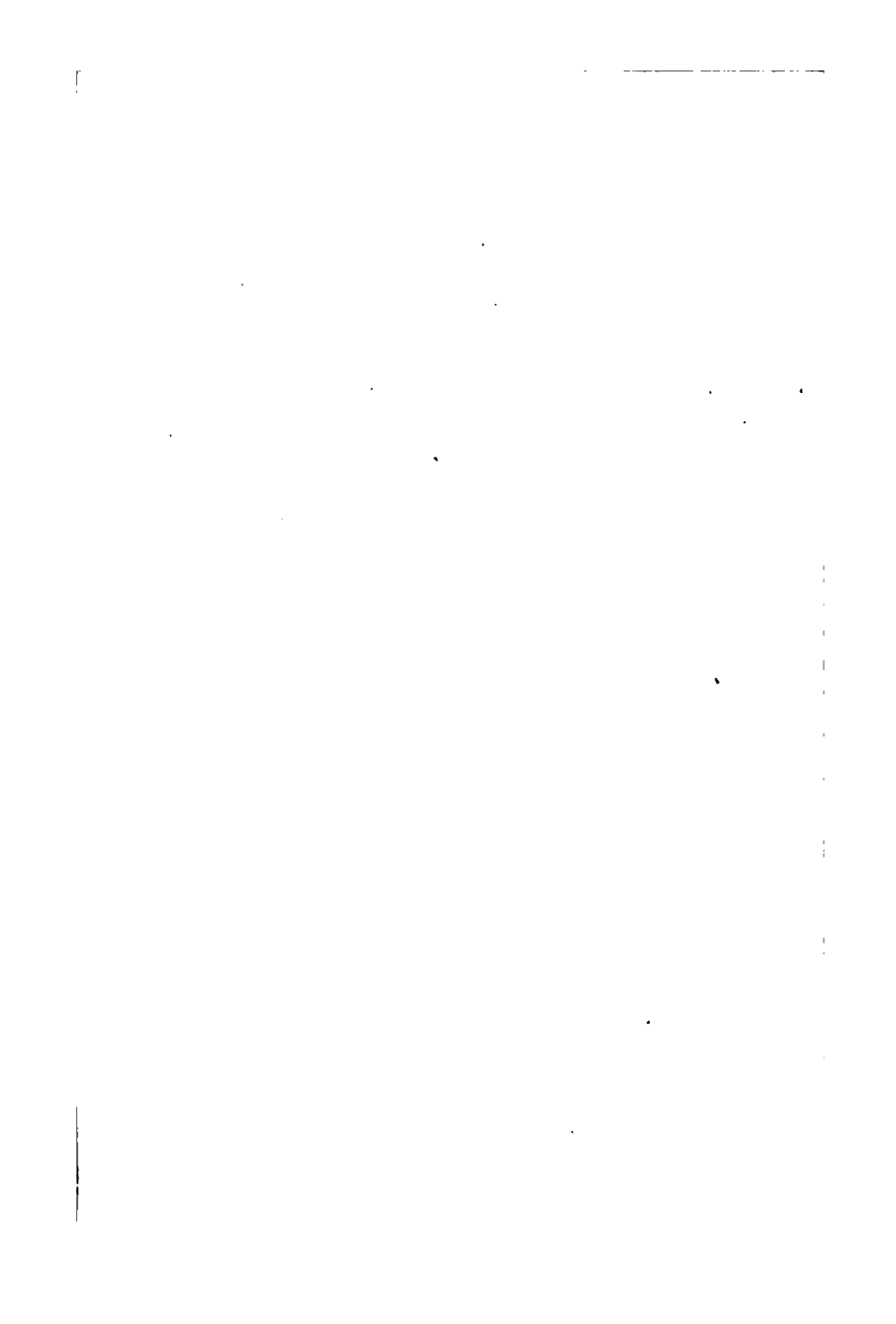
Unfailing waters pure
Refresh the flower,
Safe moor'd 's the bark—secure
From tempest's power.

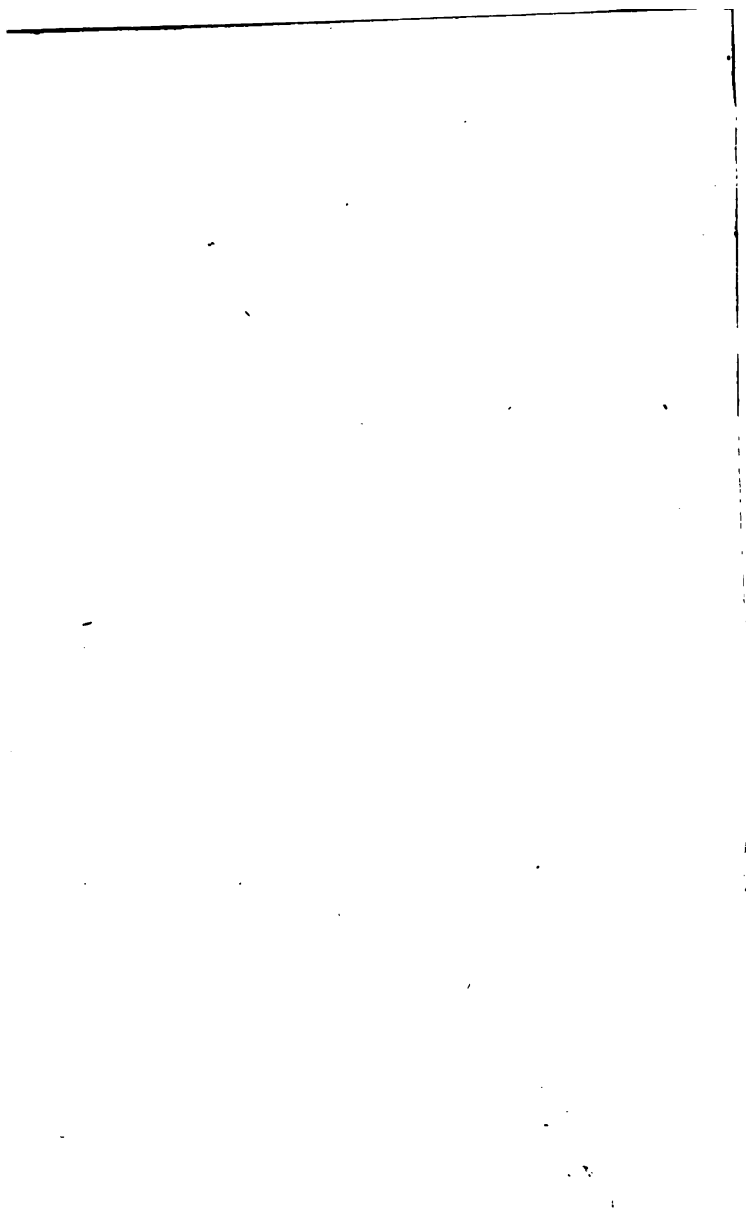
The very smile and voice
That welcomed babes of yore,
Have bid our child rejoice,
They'll bless her evermore.

Parents, when sickness comes to your child, and the thought dashes through your heart, What if it should die! What will you feel, if you have trained that child, half for God, and half for the world, and if it has *seen you* thus act with a divided heart? and then, if your child is old enough to be responsible, what will be the anguish of that other thought, What will become of its soul?

Elder sisters,—your influence is, or may be, immense.—Use it for God, the love of Christ constraining you, and the word of a little departed sister may gladden your heart all your life long, “I think it must be so blessed to have saved one sinner from everlasting death, which I am almost sure you must have, for I did not care about God, before we had those readings together.” And when at the last day, you bring your sheaves with you, words still more heart-stirring may be spoken to you, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.”

Little children,—if only one week's warning should be given you, should you have to *seek* a Saviour and forgiveness *then*? or only to cling to Him the more earnestly, and trustingly “lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His?”





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